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## *The Shape of Things*

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THE LATEST SOVIET BLAST AT THE POLISH government in exile has withered the faint hopes of agreement which sprang up last week. After Moscow's declaration that the 1939 (Ribbentrop) frontier was not "unchangeable" and its indicated willingness to negotiate on the basis of the 1919 "Curzon Line," which is more favorable to the Poles, great pressure was put on Premier Mikolajczyk's Cabinet to make a move toward rapprochement with the Russians. The effort was not entirely successful, but the rather non-committal Polish statement at least refrained from polemics. It failed utterly, however, to mollify the Soviet government, which has reacted by declaring (1) that the Poles had evaded the question of the Curzon Line; (2) that their proposals for opening negotiations were "misleading" since the Soviet government cannot negotiate with a government with which diplomatic relations have been broken; (3) that in the opinion of the Soviets the Polish government has demonstrated once again that it "does not desire to establish good-neighborly relations with the Soviet Union." It might appear that the second of these points had been met by the Polish suggestion of Anglo-American mediation, but it is clear that the real barrier to conciliation lies in Moscow's aversion for the present Polish regime, which it regards as fundamentally hostile to the U.S.S.R. The only method of breaking this deadlock seems to be the evocation of that clause of the Moscow agreement providing for cooperation among Russia, America, and Britain "in the examination of European questions as the war develops." This would appear to cover the Polish problem, which in view of its many facets can hardly be considered a private affair between Russia and Poland.

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GENERAL DE GAULLE AND THE NATIONAL Committee of Liberation are being squeezed. On the one hand they are under strong pressure from the American and British governments, which are urging them to be gentle with the collaborationists they have taken into custody; on the other they are being violently pushed by the Provisional Consultative Assembly, which insists on swift and drastic punishment of traitors. When the Assembly came together it was commonly regarded in this country as no more than a rubber-stamp for De Gaulle.

But under the leadership of delegates representing underground France it has quickly shown its independence. The Assembly is not taking orders from de Gaulle; it is giving him instructions in the name of the French people. It is all very well for those who have never been within 3,000 miles of a Gestapo torture chamber to deplore harsh treatment of men like Peyrouton, Pucheu, and Flandin—willing assistants of the Nazis in enslaving France. Men who have been fighting the Nazis, living from hour to hour in deadly danger, may be forgiven for being less charitable. Such men, in the course of the Assembly's debates, have sharply criticized the National Committee for sloth in carrying out the promised purge and have even threatened to deal with traitors by underground methods. It is fully recognized that Anglo-American interference is the real reason for delay. No doubt the State Department, having plucked Peyrouton from his safe retreat in Fascist Argentina to exercise his "administrative abilities" in North Africa, feels some responsibility for his safety. If so it should say so openly and offer him honorary American citizenship. For the French "will not live with traitors."

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#### IN ALGIERS THE FRENCH CONSULTATIVE

Assembly is urgently demanding arms and other supplies from the forces of liberation within France. The French guerrillas, fighting in the mountains of Savoy and the Vosges, as well as the army of civilian saboteurs, lack equipment. Tens of thousands also lack sufficient clothing and food. The resurgence of France is one of the great and inspiring developments of the past two years, but it is not fully credited even now. So far the British and American authorities have been slow to accept the facts brought out of France by the delegates of the Resistance in North Africa. In the Political War section this week we publish a remarkable story, Patriot's Notebook, which brings to life the reality of the French struggle. Nothing could better demonstrate the need of prompt and generous assistance for the French underground. We commend it particularly to the attention of all Americans who have come to think of the French as a decadent people who have lost the capacity to fight and die for freedom.

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#### THE SOVIET EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON HAS

written a conclusion to the farce of our diplomatic victories in Spain. A fascist who calls himself a liberal, who publicizes the release of Spanish Republicans, and who praises Tito's guerrillas may be able to fool Archbishop Spellman and certain gentlemen in the State Department. Not more than three weeks ago a high official of that august institution boasted at a dinner that "we have Franco in our pocket." Possibly he was accepting at face value the declarations of Ambassador Hayes, who, aside from his sympathies with Franco, is anxious

to prevent his mission to Madrid from turning into a greater catastrophe than Sir Neville Henderson's classic failure. But the improvised "liberal" fascist could not fool the Russians. In the latest issue of its official bulletin the Soviet Embassy utterly rejects the American and British contention that Franco has been won over to the cause of the United Nations. The bulletin states very specifically that a Spanish legion is still "on one of the sectors of the Volkhov front," that a Spanish air squadron "which systematically receives replenishments" is also stationed on the eastern line, while "Franco's gendarmes arrest people even for distributing the press bulletin of the British Embassy in Madrid." The United States can find further proof of its mistaken policy in the charges made by *Pais*, a Venezuelan newspaper, that "not fewer than 200 Germans, carrying out pro-Nazi activities in Venezuela, receive money from the Spanish Embassy in Caracas." After the official statement of the Soviet Embassy, our government and the British government would do well to consider whether the continuation of diplomatic relations with Franco can be reconciled with the solidarity of the United Nations, which, according to President Roosevelt, was reaffirmed at Teheran.

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#### THE EXIGENCIES OF WAR TRANSPORT PROVED

the decisive factor in the selection of Chicago as the scene of both the Republican and the Democratic conventions. Naturally the capital of isolationism was not Wendell Willkie's first choice, but he has accepted the decision calmly, although unfriendly commentators are describing it as a defeat for him. According to the same sources Mr. Willkie slipped badly during the G. O. P. National Committee meeting last week, but to less biased observers he still appears to be a formidable contender for the Republican nomination. Governor Willis's blast at his enemies, the "four-year locusts," delivered from the rock-ribbed citadel of Vermont, seems to have made an impression on the committee members in Chicago. We note also that the plans of the party bosses were upset by the election of Mrs. Frank G. Tallman of Delaware, a Willkie supporter, to a vacant place on the executive committee. An informal poll of fifty-seven committee-men at the gathering showed Willkie and Dewey to be running neck and neck with twenty-one votes apiece and the rest of the field nowhere. Undoubtedly there is widespread support for the New York governor, who in the eyes of many Republicans is the best "safety-first" proposition in sight. They would prefer Governor Bricker, of course, but he doesn't seem to have even Dewey's modest endowment of political "it." Dewey's henchmen, however, are not in too easy a position. They can only convey their candidate's willingness to run by nods and winks, since his official attitude is still that he intends to remain governor of New York for his full term. And, indeed,

in view of his solemn vows he can hardly reverse this stand without leaving himself wide open to attack.

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OF COURSE, IF HARRISON E. SPANGLER, National Chairman of the G. O. P., is right it does not matter very much whom the Republicans nominate; they can, he asserts, win with "anybody." This statement has alarmed some good Republicans, who resent the implication that the June convention can safely nominate a "nobody." Such pronouncements by the head of their machine make them begin to wonder whether the party can afford to be saddled with a chairman who so perfectly exemplifies the famous Irishism—"every time he opens his mouth he puts his foot into it." It is, in fact, hard to explain the choice of this gentleman for his office except on the theory that the President—a master of political black magic according to his enemies—managed by some occult means to wish him on the Republicans. What could be more inept, for instance, than Mr. Spangler's proud announcement that he had asked four Republican officers in England to conduct a survey among their men on how they intended to vote in 1944? Imagine the howls of indignation which would have rent the air if Postmaster General Walker had commissioned four Democratic officers to carry out a similar task. Political canvassing of this kind is contrary to military regulations and, in any case, is highly improper. That it is also valueless, since soldiers are likely to have a shrewd idea of their officers' political views and to give answers calculated to please them, is beside the point. It is not surprising that the Republican National Committee, wishing to keep a tighter hold on its chairman, should have forced him to agree to call together the executive committee, which he has steadily ignored since he took office, at least once a month.

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THE WHITEWASHING OF PATROLMAN DREW by a special three-man board appointed by Mayor LaGuardia does not reassure us either with respect to Drew's innocence of the charges against him or the dependability of the New York police department in dealing with anti-Semitic offenses. Since the case against Drew was a complicated one, involving alleged connection with several subversive and anti-Jewish organizations, it is difficult to see how the board could have made an adequate investigation, including the subpoenaing of witnesses, in the two weeks it spent on the case. A further indication that the Mayor is more interested in trying to cover up a nasty situation in the police department than in protecting New York citizens is provided in his failure to take action on Commissioner Herlands's long-awaited report. The Commissioner cited eight specific cases in which the police failed to take adequate action to punish anti-Semitic outbursts and deplored the

tendency of the police to minimize such incidents as ordinary acts of neighborhood hoodlumism. That an ugly and even menacing situation still exists despite the recent outcry is indicated by a recent incident in which the police released, without questioning, four members of a gang that had participated in the beating up of several Jews and the wrecking of a Brooklyn poolroom. Commissioner Valentine's order, long overdue, forbidding policemen to affiliate with anti-Semitic organizations would have a beneficial effect if it were quickly enforced. But the Mayor's refusal to back up Herlands and to take more drastic action in the Drew case, together with his refusal to release the evidence against Drew, does not make for optimism.

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THE PLAN FOR A NETWORK OF NEW ROADS recommended by the President is significant as the first program for creating jobs after the war to be officially laid before Congress. A total of 34,000 miles of modern super-highways is contemplated at a cost of about \$750,000,000 annually for the next ten to twenty years. It is estimated that the project will normally provide direct and indirect employment for approximately two million persons, and in the event of a severe depression work could be speeded up to employ a greater number. So far there is little indication of what action Congress may be expected to take on the proposal. Although the idea of planning ahead with respect to post-war jobs has failed to rouse our legislators, the need for better highways is so great that we suspect Congress may overcome its lethargy sufficiently to indorse this project. It must be recognized, however, that the two million, or three million at the most, that can be put to work in road-building constitute a very small proportion of the number of persons likely to be unemployed six months or a year after the end of the war. If Congress is ever to be prodded into formulating plans to provide jobs for the rest, it must be in the months preceding the election.

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AS WE GO TO PRESS WORD COMES OF THE delayed *Pravda* dispatch from Cairo quoting reports from "reliable Greek and Yugoslav sources" that two leading British officials have recently conferred with Von Ribbentrop in Spain. The important fact about this item is not the charge it makes but its publication by Russia's most responsible journal and its announcement over the Moscow radio. What can be the object of the Soviet government in broadcasting ugly rumors at a time when the need of close and confident relations between the great allies is so overwhelming? Nothing could damage more seriously the ties established at Moscow and Teheran. An explanation by the Soviet government may have been published before this comment appears, but no explanation can wipe out the shocking evidence of disunity which the incident provided.

## The Five-Point Plan

IT WAS inevitable that the President's message to Congress should produce exceedingly diverse reactions. To many citizens it seemed a fine fighting speech, a salutary warning that the war is not yet won, that not less but greater national effort is needed to speed victory. Others, whose views are represented in our Washington letter, are unconvinced; they feel that Mr. Roosevelt has made a new turn to the right; they fear that his primary aim is not total mobilization but the shackling of labor. In view of the kicking around labor has been experiencing, we understand and sympathize with this fear. Nevertheless, we believe that on its broad merits the President's five-point program should be supported.

Although the President went out of his way to stress the integral nature of this program, it is only natural that popular attention should have been caught chiefly by his proposal of a national-service law. Each of the other points had been stressed previously, but until now the President had carefully avoided calling for compulsory labor service. At first thought, his timing seemed badly awry. Two years ago, or even a year ago, the public was better prepared for such a demand because of the urgency of the war situation. But today, with the talk of cut-backs in war production and an apparent easing in the man-power crisis—to say nothing of the widely held hopes for an early end to the European phase of the conflict—people were frankly unprepared for the President's request. Moreover, the timing of the proposal suggested that the President was thinking of universal service more as a weapon against strikes than as a means of dealing with the man-power shortage.

Actually, the timing is not as far off as it seems. With the beginning of major offensives against both Germany and Japan promised in the very near future, the toughest part of the war lies just ahead. It will be a period in which we must strain for maximum production and for speeding up every phase of the war effort. And although some workers will be freed by the projected cut-backs, the fact remains that our over-all man-power resources have been badly stretched. The War Manpower Commission estimates that an additional 900,000 workers will be needed between now and July 1, mostly to cover withdrawals by Selective Service. Women must necessarily make up the bulk of the 900,000, but reports from various sections of the country indicate that women are getting out of war industries almost as fast as new ones can be hired. A considerable withdrawal of men from war jobs to civilian occupations has also been observed. In the absence of compulsory-service legislation this loss of trained personnel might readily become critical if additional victories on the war fronts intensified the impression that we were nearing the end of the war.

Moreover, compulsory powers are essential to curb the hoarding and uneconomic use of skilled labor which is still practiced in many parts of the country. Compulsion, however, is not a substitute for a carefully integrated man-power policy. There is real justification for the fear that the passage of a national-service act would leave us without a proper framework for man-power mobilization.

But the prospect that a national-service act may be badly administered is not enough to rule it out of a program calling for sacrifices from every section of the population in the difficult days ahead. Effective control of prices and profits and the imposition of a sound tax program would far outweigh any injustices, grievances, or maladjustments that might be entailed in national service if it were as poorly managed as our man-power program has hitherto been. But labor fears, with reason, that this five-point program, like Mr. Roosevelt's older seven-point program, may break down on the price, profit, and tax fronts and serve only to hold labor in line. Certainly the prospects for adequate taxes—rightly placed first in the President's list—seem no brighter today than before the President spoke. Senator George has indicated that the Senate's reply to Mr. Roosevelt's budget request for at least \$10,500,000,000 in new taxes will be to pass the feeble \$2,275,000,000 measure approved in committee. While hopes for a continuation of renegotiation and a compromise on the subsidy issue have brightened, the fight is still on.

Unless these battles are irrevocably lost, we feel—despite the considerations advanced elsewhere by Mr. Stone—that labor is ill-advised in coming out flatly in opposition to the President on the national-service issue. In Britain national service has been accepted from the beginning by every class and party, and its essential fairness has not been questioned. Instead of indiscriminate opposition, American labor might better concentrate, first, on pushing through the other measures in the President's program, and, second, on getting a national-service bill which contains the safeguards necessary to an effective and democratic system. The Austin-Wadsworth bill, for example, fails to provide proper safeguards. It is a measure which would make impossible any closed-shop, union-shop, or maintenance-of-membership agreements. Nor is any provision made for protecting the seniority rights of workers who are shifted to war industries. Defects such as these can and should be attacked by organized labor. But unless labor shows that it is willing to put up with some inconveniences and to accommodate itself even to demands that are sometimes unreasonable, it has not the moral right to ask sacrifices of capital and the farmers. And if the spirit of self-seeking, business as usual, and sparring for position is to be allowed to dominate our home-front policies, the result will not only be felt in a lengthening of the war but in a worsening of labor's position, both relatively and absolutely.

## Stalin's Choice

BY FRED A KIRCHWEY

IF THE Communist Party indorses the recent proposals of Earl Browder, it will cease to exist as a party and will become a "political association," and its purpose "for many years into the future" will be to encourage national unity through the support of free enterprise. In this role it will do its best to help avert an explosion of class conflict when the war ends. It will run no candidates for public office but will operate through the accepted medium of the two-party system. Mr. Browder came out flatly for the reelection of President Roosevelt next fall, but he made it clear that Communists are now free agents and may join either the Democratic or the Republican Party.

But the pivotal point of the Browder encyclical was Teheran. It is to further the aims announced at that historic meeting that the Communist Party is now divesting itself of its name and its character and its principles. Indeed, Browder's whole position is founded on the premise that, just as victory in the war necessitated an intimate union of forces among the great allied powers, so a "coalition peace" is the only alternative to "the spreading of civil wars over vast areas, culminating . . . in a new world war between nations." To prevent this utter catastrophe it is necessary to abandon the fight for socialism—at least in America.

Such is the Browder thesis, abbreviated but I think not distorted. What is the reality behind it?

The war will end with Russia the strongest power on the Eurasian continent. The only other power in the world comparable in strength will be the United States. Russia's two chief problems after the war will be the restoration of its shattered industrial plants and security against new wars. The first problem can be met by long-term commercial agreements with the Western nations, particularly the United States. The second problem can be met by the creation of a sound working system of collective security. This, in turn, requires a stable Europe dominated by states friendly to Russia and not infected with expansionist ambitions.

It is in the light of Russia's basic needs and desires that Browder's speech should be examined. It has no meaning apart from them.

Toward America, Stalin's course is clear. The Roosevelt Administration is well disposed toward Russia. At Moscow and Teheran the Secretary of State and the President agreed to a common course of action. Their political prestige is tied to the fulfilment of the agreements reached with Russia. Already, without any doubt, specific plans for expanded trade between the two countries have been discussed. Russia's best hope for the crucial years immediately following the war lies in the con-

tinuance of a Roosevelt regime in Washington and in post-war economic stability.

Other, more long-range, considerations point the same way. The ending of Democratic control in Washington is likely to mean a sharp swing to the right, with extreme reactionaries riding into power on a wave of resentment against war-time taxes and controls, against labor, against every remnant of the New Deal. In place of pre-war isolationism the country might move into a period of intense imperialistic competition. Antagonism to Russia would certainly rise; plans for international cooperation would go by the board—and a new war would come striding out of the future.

So the Russians presumably argue. And faced with such alternatives they prefer to take no chances. The Communist Party offers at least a modest obstacle to Russia's interests in America; consequently it must go.

The end of the party was foreshadowed when the Comintern was dissolved. At that time the Communist parties in Canada, Cuba, and Costa Rica died and came to life in new, presumably less objectionable, forms. The same fate seems to have been designed for the American party, but its liquidation was delayed. For several months the Communists in this country tried to ingratiate themselves with all sorts of persons and political tendencies, from Frank Hague on the right to their opponents on the left. The Party was apparently doing its best to prove that it could serve the aims described above.

It didn't work. As always the attempt to lure corrupt reactionaries into the same bed with political progressives further alienated both elements. The suspicion and hostility generated by Communist behavior during the past and by the gyrations of the party line could not be overcome. And the Administration itself showed not the least gratification over the activities of the Communists in its behalf. In short, the unity move was a flop.

The party's transformation into an association may also be a brief expedient. Under any name communism smells about the same to the people who don't like it. The new set-up, too, may prove to be more nuisance than help to Moscow. Or it may die for lack of nourishment. A radical party wins support by militant, aggressive action in support of a radical program, not by serving as an uninvited handmaiden to the party in power.

But the fate of the Communist Party in America is far less important than the plans of Moscow for the Communist movement in the rest of the world. Does the present move mean that the party everywhere is to dissolve? Does it mean that Communists will everywhere work for capitalist stability? These questions cannot yet be answered. It is possible that the policy announced by Browder was designed particularly for America and will not be applied fully anywhere else. Already one can find some evidence that it is adopting a varied, *ad hoc* policy to fit conditions, and Russia's interests, in each country.

Obviously Russia's interests in America are very different from in Europe. In America the danger of reaction and the desirability of returning Roosevelt to power may seem to outweigh the dubious services of the Communist Party. In Europe the leading elements in the underground are largely recruited from the ranks of Socialists and Communists. Their desperate struggle is animated by more than a determination to drive out the

Nazis; they fight for a new Europe and an end to the domination of interests that gladly made deals with fascism. To ask them to avert class conflict and work for the stabilization of capitalism would be to take the life and meaning out of their movement. It will be very difficult to apply one strategy to America and a contrary one to Europe, but it would seem that Stalin has no other choice.

## F. D. R. and National Service

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, January 13

ON JANUARY 8 the *Army and Navy Journal* predicted that the President, in his message to Congress, would recommend national-service legislation. The accuracy of the prediction lends weight to the *Journal's* further statement that the "off-the-record" remarks made by General Marshall on December 31 were inspired by the President. The *Journal* implied that the Marshall press conference was planned to prepare the public mind for a national-service act. This might have been accomplished by a frank and moving appeal from Marshall to labor. The effect of the "off-the-record" talk was not to appeal to labor but to inflame public opinion against it. I think the approach reflects (1) the kind of thinking done by the right-wingers like Byrnes with whom the President has increasingly surrounded himself, (2) the kind of thinking common among regular army and navy officers with little knowledge of civilian life and problems, and (3) the basic anti-labor bias of the small group of Wall Street men who fathered the Austin-Wadsworth national-service bill. This group has much influence in the War and Navy departments, both of which have indorsed the bill. I think this background important in evaluating the President's message.

There are two possible reasons for asking for a national-service act. One is to prevent strikes. The other is fully to mobilize man-power. Judging from the Marshall press conference and the *Army and Navy Journal*, the military are thinking only of the first. The remedy is a doubtful one; national service hasn't prevented strikes in Great Britain. Mr. Roosevelt in his message gave both reasons. He wants national service to "prevent strikes" and to attain "nothing less than total mobilization of man-power and capital." I think it significant that he should say that he would not recommend a national-service act except as part of a five-point program designed "to keep down the cost of living, to share equitably the burdens of taxation, to hold the stabilization line, and to prevent undue profits." For

these questions bear only a moral or a demagogic relationship to that of national service. If we face a serious man-power problem that can best be met by compulsory means, we ought to have a national-service act no matter what the other conditions on the home front. The questions which the President and his advisers must answer are: Is there a man-power shortage? Can it best be met by compulsion?

The facts, so far as I can obtain them, show that we passed the peak of our man-power difficulties last November. In November the War Manpower Commission listed seventy-seven cities as critical labor areas where no more war contracts were to be placed and where existing contracts were not to be renewed. The number of cities in this category has since fallen to sixty-seven. Three important war-production centers—Dallas, Bridgeport, and Dayton—were among the ten removed from the critical list. Bureau of Labor Statistics figures show that the rate of turnover in war industries began to fall last autumn, with the news of further cutbacks in war production. It is no secret that the War Manpower Commission, from McNutt down, and the regional directors meeting this week in Washington do not think compulsory service necessary to replace the 900,000 men to be drafted this year. The *New York Times* on January 9 reported that "surprise was general" that the President should be considering national-service legislation "at a time when the man-power situation was improving." If this general impression is false, it is up to the President to correct it.

Mishandling of man-power cannot be cured by mere enactment of a statute. A national-service act would do more harm than good unless coupled with reform in the field of labor policy and reform in the field of industrial mobilization. Most of our difficulties arise from Mr. Roosevelt's failure in both fields. The effect of overlapping labor agencies, inconsistent labor directives, and surrenders under threat has been to reward the John L. Lewises and penalize the Philip Murrays. In many plants employers feel that the no-strike pledge permits them

to ignore grievance committees. These grievances and the War Labor Board's unsatisfactory method of handling them have as much, if not more, to do with labor unrest than have wage questions. I hate to think of what these employers would do if given the additional weapon of a compulsory-service act, and of what the effects would be on labor efficiency.

Even more important is the fact that efficient use of labor power can only come as part of an integrated and total mobilization of our economy. If some readers think this too vague and general an objection, I refer them to the report made last November 6 by McNutt's top management-labor policy committee opposing a national-service law. I do not share the committee's basic theoretical opposition to national service. But I am impressed that so diverse, representative, and well-informed a group of men,\* writing in November of 1943, should make the same criticisms that have been leveled at the war effort on the home front since 1941 by one Congressional investigation after another, including those under Truman, Tolan, Kilgore, and Pepper. The committee complained that critical man-power situations in various areas were the "results of dislocation, maldistribution of contracts, and ineffective man-power utilization rather than of inadequate over-all supply of labor." The committee reported that full utilization of labor cannot be achieved until "all agencies of government concerned with procurement, production, and man-power are administered under a coordinated and well-understood arrangement." It was to correct this that a powerful bloc in Congress early last year sought to pass the Pepper-Tolan-Kilgore bill for an Office of War Mobilization, and it was to block passage of this bill that Mr. Roosevelt set up an Office of War Mobilization under Byrnes; but it was an Office of War Mobilization in name only.

Byrnes has been more complaisant than the War Production Board about big-business resistance to effective mobilization by government, and he has been the willing accomplice of the War and Navy departments in their reluctance to coordinate their efforts with civilian production and man-power agencies. Those commentators now praising Mr. Roosevelt for a "strong" policy in recommending a national-service act would do well to examine his record on the mobilization of industry and the integration of war agencies; the record is one of weakness, not strength. They would also do well to consider that Byrnes and the War and Navy chiefs backing national service have been the principal opponents of that total mobilization and coordination which alone would make national service palatable and effective.

\* For labor: Howard Fraser of the Brotherhoods, Green of the A. F. of L., Murray of the C. I. O. For agriculture: Albert Goss of the Grange, Ed O'Neal of the Farm Bureau, Jim Patton of the Farmers' Union. For management, Conrad Cooper of Wheeling Steel, Fred Crawford of the N. A. M., and Eric Johnston of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

## 50 Years Ago in "The Nation"

ITALY MIGHT HAVE LIVED happy and contented if she had kept out of the combinations (what the Germans call the constellations) of the great powers. She entered the Triple Alliance, and condemned herself to expenses which are too large for her financial capacity; she begins now to pay the price of her ambition, and is passing through a most dangerous crisis.—January 4, 1894.

AN EVENING JOURNAL in this city received the following by special messenger a few days ago: "Sir: In publishing names of attendants at the Charity Ball will you kindly mention Mr. and Mrs. ——. If you mention costumes, Mrs. — in pink and Nile novelty satin 'décolleté,' old lace, diamond ornaments. We were late and missed the newspapermen. If there is any charge, kindly let me know by bearer and greatly oblige, Mr. —."—January 11, 1894.

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that the Republican National Committee has indorsed the proposition to admit as states Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma. . . . The rights of statehood ought not to be conferred upon a territory like New Mexico, whose population is largely composed of ignorant Mexicans and Indians, or like Arizona, which had only 59,620 people (thousands of Indians included) when the last census was taken.—January 18, 1894.

IT HAS ALREADY BEEN ANNOUNCED that the Carnegie iron and steel works have taken the place formerly held by the Britishers as bugaboos to the American manufacturers. In other words, the Carnegies have so far outstripped all their domestic competitors in the completeness and perfection of their machinery that the latter need protection against Carnegie rather than against John Bull.—January 11, 1894.

CECIL RHODES, since his victories over the Matabeles, has become a great hero in the eyes of the Cape Colonists, and his success has doubtless done much to turn his head, or, as our slang would say, to enlarge it. Accordingly, he has made a speech in which he substantially bids defiance to the home government, and says that if they do not let him have his way, they may have to face an agitation for the independence of the Cape Colony.—January 25, 1894.

### THE SWINE AND THE FLOWER

I shrank to meet a mud-incrusted swine,  
And then he seemed to grunt, in accents rude,  
"Huh! Be not proud, for in this fat of mine,  
Behold the source of richness for your food!"

I fled, and saw a field that seemed, at first,  
One giant mass of roses pure and white,  
With dewy buds 'mid dark green foliage nursed,  
And, as I lingered o'er this lovely sight,  
The summer breeze that cooled that southern scene  
Whispered, "Behold the source of Cottolene!"

Cottolene, the Vegetable Shortening. (ADVT.)—January 25, 1894.

# Guns in Palestine

BY JESSE LURIE

**D**URING the last war Palestine was an enemy base offering a serious threat to the Allied communications belt. Today Palestine may serve as a springboard for an Allied invasion of the Balkans: the *Palestine Post* reveals that the country is teeming with Allied soldiers—American, English, Indian, Australian, Polish, Greek, Yugoslav, South African. But whether or not this role materializes, Palestine is playing an important part in implementing the Allied war effort in the Mediterranean theater. Jewish engineers have built a new military road in the Lebanon. A Jewish co-operative enterprise has been awarded the contract for important installations on the Persian Gulf, the main place for unloading American supplies for Russia. Some 23,000 Palestine Jews, from a community of 550,000, have volunteered for the British army. Civilian production for the army has quadrupled since 1940. Of all this little has appeared in the American press.

Lately, however, we have read a number of confusing cables from Jerusalem concerning arms searches in Jewish villages and trials of Jews for gun-running and concealing arms. These incidents are more significant than they seem, for they are bound up with the problems attendant upon the establishment of a Jewish homeland in Palestine. They cannot be understood without reference to the events which form their background.

One of the most recent dispatches told of the sentencing of seven men from the Jewish village of Hulda to two to six years' imprisonment for the illegal possession of arms. The name Hulda has little meaning for Americans, but to Palestinians it is symbolic of the patience and courage which forged a modern industrial and agricultural community from hitherto untilled earth. Hulda is an outpost of Jewish Palestine in the south. It is situated in the southern foothills of the Judean Mountains, a few miles north of the Negev, the wilderness of Beersheba. For its communications it is dependent upon a dirt road, almost impassable in winter, which runs westward to the main north-south highway. This road, which is hardly more than a camel track, is entirely on Arab land, and passes through the Arab villages of Monsoura and Agger. East, south, and north of Hulda are three other Arab villages.

In August, 1929, Palestine was racked by riots and pillage incited by the Mufti of Jerusalem (who, incidentally, is now in Berlin) through false stories of Jewish designs on Moslem holy places. Hulda's existence was threatened. Ephraim Chizik, a member of the Haganah, the "illegal" defense organization which the

Jews of Palestine had organized out of dire necessity, came from Tel Aviv to lead the twenty-four Jewish settlers in the defense of their homes. Thousands of Bedouins from the southern desert, incited by promises of great loot, attacked Hulda that night. Wave after wave was repulsed by the Jews. Ephraim Chizik was killed leading a sally to clear out a nest of snipers who had taken one of the village houses.

When British troops arrived in the morning, the Arabs were gone, and the "illegal" arms with which the village had been defended through the night had been hidden. The British commander insisted that the position of the village was untenable and, despite the strenuous opposition of the settlers, ordered them evacuated.

In that same week in August, 1929, I happened to be visiting Tel Hai, a Jewish village at the other end of Palestine, on the Syrian border. This northern outpost had been attacked by a French-paid Arab gang in 1921, during a British-French border dispute, and possessed a box of "legal" arms for use in emergencies. I watched the settlers break its seal and take out a few old hunting rifles. To rely upon them was to invite slaughter. Fortunately, the Haganah was on the job.

In 1930 the Jews went back to Hulda to rebuild their homes. They took with them a tractor. The neighboring Arabs thought it was some kind of powerful weapon which would be used to punish them for the 1929 attack, but when they finally learned its peaceful uses they borrowed it, and its Jewish driver, for their own fields. The Jews of Hulda brought the first pedigreed bull to southern Palestine, the first chicken incubator, the first gramophone, the first orange grove, introduced intensive vegetable growing and modern sanitation. Hulda has the only doctor and dentist for miles around, and not a day passes without the appearance of several Arab patients, who are treated without charge.

The Jewish village prospered and so did its Arab neighbors. When the Mufti and his cohorts again started trouble in 1936, the excellent relations between Hulda and the surrounding countryside continued. Though it felt obliged to be ever-vigilant, Hulda was not attacked. But in 1938 German military sappers, with the connivance of the Mufti, were smuggled into Palestine to try out some of their new road and anti-personnel mines. The dirt road which was Hulda's sole link with the outside world was an excellent testing ground. The mines proved to be extremely effective. Seventeen young men and women of Hulda were blown to pieces.

Then came war and the invasion of Poland. Most of

the settlers of Hulda had originally come from Poland. Only a fortunate few have heard what became of their parents, brothers, and sisters. The relatives of most of them are presumed to have been slaughtered in the Nazi death ditches and asphyxiation chambers or to have died fighting in the epic defense of the Warsaw ghetto. All the Hulda settlers wanted to enlist. But since food is an important weapon, and since the production of Hulda, like that of other villages, had to be more than doubled to feed the armies and civilian war workers, everyone could not go. A lottery was held. Every man and woman who wanted to fight put his name in a bowl, and the names of twenty-two, seventeen men and five women, were drawn out. These joined the British army. (There is no government conscription in Palestine.)

On October 3 of last year hundreds of British and Polish soldiers, led by a British brigadier, surrounded Hulda and instituted a house-to-house search. Their pretext was that they were looking for Polish deserters. The insinuation was a calumny. Would the brothers of those who defended the Warsaw ghetto harbor a deserter? Would a village which had voluntarily given the best of its young men to the British army aid the enemy?

No deserters were found, of course, but the real object of the search, seizure of the settlement's defensive weapons, was attained. Several boxes of ammunition were discovered, and seven leading members of the community were arrested and taken to Jerusalem. British censorship refused to allow the Palestine press or foreign correspondents to print the news until the middle of December, when the seven men were brought to trial and sentenced.

Meanwhile, an even greater injustice had been perpetrated in Ramat Hakovesh, another isolated Jewish village in the Sharon plain. Ramat Hakovesh is in the midst of the Arab villages of Tireh, Misky, and Qalqilia. Its communicating road, like Hulda's, goes through Arab land. In 1938 a Ramat Hakovesh truck carrying men and women to work in the fields was blown up. Eight persons were killed and many others wounded. (In all Palestine 292 Jews were killed and 649 wounded by Arab terrorists in 1938. In 1936, 81 Jews were killed and in 1937, 33.)

The search for arms at Ramat Hakovesh was considerably rougher than that at Hulda. Again the trumped-up excuse was a mythical Polish deserter. Bearded Indian troops, accustomed to the methods used on the Northwest Frontier, surrounded Ramat Hakovesh and herded all the men into a barbed-wire inclosure. In the ensuing confusion Shmuel Wolinietz was shot by a British policeman. Although the village doctor warned against his being moved, and although there are nearer and better-equipped Jewish hospitals in Petah Tikvah and Tel Aviv, Wolinietz was taken to the government hospital in Nablus. He died there, five days later. Thirty-

five settlers were arrested, but no charges were brought against them, and after ten days they were released.

No arms or "deserters" had been found; one Jew had been killed; and for ten days thirty-five farmers had been kept from producing food for the Allied armies.

If the Palestine government undertook these searches to provoke disturbances at a time when the country should have been united against Nazism, it almost succeeded. On the day Wolinietz died, anger spread over the country like a burning *khamsin* wind. Hot-headed youths attacked the government offices in Tel Aviv, and according to a Palcor cable twenty-one civilians and eleven British policemen were injured; war factories closed down as the funeral cortège passed; all Jewish transport left the roads. But calmer heads soon prevailed. The main enemy was still in Berlin, not in Jerusalem. The war workers went back to their jobs.

The Palestine arms trials which were reported in the American press a few months ago showed the same provocative pattern. Leib Sirkin, secretary of the Seamen's Club of Haifa, and Abraham Rachlin, a taxi driver, were sentenced to ten and seven years, respectively, for buying 300 rifles and 105,000 rounds of ammunition. These had been stolen from army dumps by two English deserters, who were sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. The trials were publicized extensively by the Palestine Press Office, a branch of the British Ministry of Information. The purpose of the trials apparently was to prove the extent of the Haganah's arsenal and the Haganah's connection with official Zionist organizations. In the course of them various accusations were leveled against the Jewish Agency, which is recognized by the mandatory power as the representative Jewish body to be consulted on all matters connected with the Jewish homeland.

Nothing has been given out by the Palestine Press Office about the Arabs' possession of arms, but the correspondent of the London *Times* made his own investigation and cabled his paper: "It is common knowledge that the majority of Arabs are armed with rifles that were bought or stolen from Allied troops—one of Vichy General Dentz's last acts in Syria was the delivery of French arms to Syrian Arabs, who sold them across the border to Palestine."

The Palestine government has made no search for this Arab arsenal: its interest in illegal arms is entirely superficial. The motive behind these searches and trials is a political one. A significant cleavage exists between the Palestine administration and important sections of the British War Cabinet over the White Paper issued by the Chamberlain government in 1939, and the Palestine officials are trying to strengthen their position by destroying confidence in the Jewish population. The administration is definitely committed to the policies of

that document, which will end all Jewish immigration to Palestine after another 31,000 persons have entered. It also forbids the sale of property to Jews in the greater part of the country, while in the remaining part, where prices have of course quadrupled since these laws were instituted, a Jew can buy land only if the High Commissioner approves his purchase.

How the White Paper works in practice may be illustrated by the dilemma of one American Jew who has developed a large citrus grove in Palestine. He was visiting his sons in the United States when the war broke out and was unable to get back to Palestine. His return visa has long since expired. Now he fears that the White Paper quota will be filled by refugees and that he will never be able to go home. He sometimes wonders whether he should transfer his property to a non-Jewish son-in-law, who would not be subject to the White Paper's restrictions. Meanwhile he has been trying to buy a piece of Arab property adjoining his grove, but he finds it difficult to get the High Commissioner, who is naturally occupied with the war emergency, to sign on the dotted line. With every delay the Arab owner raises his price. If the Jewish grower wanted to buy a piece of unwatered waste land a few miles away—which he could irrigate with pipes from his overflowing well—it would be impossible. Not even an appeal to King George would help. The land lies within the Arab reserve, which covers two-thirds of the country.

By implementing the White Paper the Palestine government expects (1) to end Arab agitation against Jewish immigration and the sale of land to Jews by complete capitulation to Arab demands; (2) to improve Britain's relations with neighboring Arab countries which contain important oil deposits; and (3) to be able to speed up its program of equalizing the Jewish and Arab economies. After the last war, when the bureaucrats came to Palestine from Kenya, Jamaica, and other colonial training schools in administrative inefficiency, they were more or less overwhelmed by the problems presented by the speed of Zionist construction. They saw the Jews beginning to develop a modern economy alongside an Arab feudal society. Governing such a country, they said, was like trying to drive a spirited mare in harness with a plodding ox. Rapid Zionist settlement in accordance with the terms of the Palestine mandate would be, they decided, unfair to the Arabs.

Their solution was to hamper Jewish enterprise as much as possible. That meant binding Jewish activities in yards of red tape, filing requests and then losing the files; it meant discriminatory tariffs which ruined infant industries; and it meant declaring the Jewish defense organization illegal. Implied in this solution was the intention of raising the living conditions of the Arabs at least to approximate Jewish standards, but only a few men in the Education Department were interested

enough to try to carry out this intention. (Actually, the Arabs have benefited much more from the influx of Jews into Palestine than from any efforts of the administration. They have learned how to work their land and how to care for their houses and children. Jewish hospitals have cured their trachoma and introduced them to sanitary arrangements.)

The White Paper was the final slap at the Jewish experiment, and the final gesture of appeasement to the Arabs. It must inevitably quench Jewish initiative in Palestine and effectively neutralize what has been already accomplished there. The plodding ox will frustrate all efforts of the spirited mare.

Many leaders of the British War Cabinet were opposed to the White Paper when it was issued by the Chamberlain government and are opposed to it now. Mr. Churchill himself voted against the White Paper in 1939. "This pledge [the Balfour Declaration]," he said, "of a home of refuge, an asylum, was not made to the Jews in Palestine but to the Jews outside Palestine, to that vast, unhappy mass of scattered, persecuted, wandering Jews whose intense, unchanging, unconquerable desire has been for a National Home. . . . That is the pledge that was given, and that is the pledge which we are now asked to break." Herbert Morrison, Labor member of Churchill's War Cabinet, declared during the same debate: "We regard this White Paper and the policy in it as a cynical breach of pledges given to the Jews and the world, including America. This policy will do us no good in the United States, where we need to be done good, and where we need the good-will of the great American people. It comes at a time of tragedy and apprehension for the Jewish race throughout the world, and it ought not to be approved by the House today."

Dr. Chaim Weizmann, president of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, has been conferring with Churchill, Morrison, Amery, and others in the present British government who opposed the White Paper in 1939 on a new statement of policy on Palestine. Other members of the Jewish Agency executive have also left Jerusalem for London. Whether or not these negotiations will result in a modification of the White Paper is still doubtful. What we cannot doubt is that the present Palestine administration, which will stand or fall with the White Paper, is doing everything in its power to disrupt the negotiations by discrediting the Jewish population and its self-defense organization. Nor can we doubt that eventually Palestine will be included in the territories protected by the Atlantic Charter and enjoying the Four Freedoms. Let us hope that in the final settlement the seven men of Hulda will not be forgotten and that all Palestinians will be granted another freedom, one for which the American colonists fought the redcoats—freedom from "unreasonable searches and seizures."

# Brains in the Kitchen

BY EDITH M. STERN

EVERY DAY, to desperately understaffed Washington hospitals, come messages from graduate nurses: "Sorry, I can't report for duty today, but the maid didn't show up." New York City social agencies, the head of a large one estimates, have lost 25 per cent of their trained case workers, young married women who have to stay home because they have no domestic help. "A considerable proportion of the alumnae who would be glad to help in the war effort are limited in their availability by . . . family obligations (we wish expert mathematics teachers did not have to stay at home with children of school age because maid service has gone into factories)," laments Katherine S. Doty, of the Barnard College Occupation Bureau.

War agencies are crying for statisticians. Yet a friend of mine, an expert statistician, has just quit her government job. Figuring deductions, carfares, lunches, maid's wages (\$4.20 to \$5 for an eight-hour day in Washington now), she found she cleared just \$300 a year on her forty-eight hours a week plus twelve hours' traveling. Eager to help in the war effort, she would have continued if she had been able to get a reliable worker to take over her housework and the care of her three-year-old after nursery-school hours. But after struggling with six maids in one year, using up her leaves and more because of their unexplained absences, and seeing her child become a behavior problem, she gave up. I could tell similar stories about a physicist—and how the Navy Department wants women physicists!—a lawyer, a teacher, and one of those badly needed expert secretaries who could replace four of the inexperienced clerical workers now milling around government offices.

Unfortunately we have no statistics on the relation between the waste of skilled woman-power and the shortage of competent domestic help. Unfortunately nobody knows how many officers doing desk work might be released for service overseas if trained women could be relieved of dish-washing, mopping the kitchen floor, and hanging out the family wash. But surely it is pretty clear that the "servant problem" plays a large role in the woman-power problem and should be a matter of national concern.

Indeed, it should have exercised us long ago, when women first began to step out of kitchens into college halls, laboratories, and offices. The lack of competent domestic workers is not new; the war has simply brought it into sharper focus. While the supply of labor may have diminished quantitatively—according to the Wom-

en's Bureau of the Department of Labor, "there is no real shortage of 'domestic help' but there is a real shortage of 'good, well-qualified, trained domestic workers'"—the qualitative deficiencies we have always had with us. Only in times of deep depression has the kind of domestic help the professional woman requires been obtainable. Your woman doctor, attorney, writer, scientist, social worker, or teacher needs someone in her home not only to do the physical work but to plan, manage, and execute with a minimum of supervision, like an administrative assistant—someone with as much feeling of responsibility for kitchen and nursery as she herself has for her laboratory, office, or classroom.

But what kind of person is the run-of-the-mill domestic worker? Nearly always her job is Hobson's choice, and so she cherishes a deep, perhaps unconscious resentment that makes her something of a psychopathic problem. Seeing no future in her work, she is understandably indifferent about doing it well; there are no long-term penalties for absenteeism, unreliability, and carelessness with property. Often she has been discouraged from taking the initiative—this is especially true of the Southern Negro—and therefore she cannot be depended on to exert the necessary authority over tradespeople, or to cope with the emergencies that arise with regular irregularity in even the best-run households.

The housewife who stays at home and keeps a watchful eye on children and property, who can spend hours trying to get hold of repair men or standing in line at market, can muddle along with this kind of help at no greater cost than irritation. But the professional woman finds it a continual drain on her time and socially useful creative energy. Professionally trained women are therefore driven into joining one of three groups. In the first are those perhaps sensible women who foresee the losing battle and jettison their long and expensive education as soon as they marry. In the second are women like my statistician friend who struggle along for a while and then decide that, rather than continue to sacrifice their families and themselves, they will let society at large get along without them. The third is made up of women with terrific drive, with special talents, with burning ambition, or now with fervent patriotism, who take on a double job that would faze any man, at unrecorded cost in terms of jagged nerves to themselves, their husbands, their children, and their professional potentials.

"But," you will hear from those who have never played this exhausting game of home versus career,

"everybody has trouble with inefficient employees. Why, the things I go through with my factory hands, or my stenographers!" Ah, my dear sir—you must be male, or you would know better—there's a difference. The difficulties you have with your employees are an intrinsic part of your work. The career woman's difficulties at home are not only in addition to those in her office but over and above them. Not many normal women put career before home. Most of us, whether because men have sold us a bill of goods, because the *mores* are strong, or because of biological instinct, put our homes first and take pride in creating good ones.

A successful homemaker, however, does not have to perform or supervise every detail any more than a good business executive has to type his own letters or count the items in the shipping-room. A mother has duties, such as taking Sally to the doctor's to have him check up on her general condition or beaming upon her in her dance recital, which she would not and should not delegate. But someone else can take the children to be fitted for the same kind of shoes as those they have just outgrown, buy their toothpaste, make certain that their milk is warmed—and without detriment to the children's psyches. *Pro bono publico*, a woman capable of solving chemical problems or writing books should be able to depend upon a domestic worker to make out an accurate, comprehensive marketing list and not be obliged herself to inspect pantry and icebox. Often domestic workers fall so far short of this that they cannot even follow simple, written directions, thought out when the employer might be planning her own day's work.

What is the answer? So simplify the house that we can do without a domestic worker? The women's pages are full of bright suggestions. But you may use paper napkins, put away anything that needs polishing, eat out of cans (if you have the points), and there still remains an irreducible minimum of actual labor that must be done before and after office hours, enough to wear down any woman who needs her energies for other work. Constant attention is needed to keep even a new house decently clean, and the dinner that cooks itself is still only on the advertising pages. Nursery schools for the smaller children, after-school play groups for the older ones are also only a partial solution. They do not cover the beginning and tail end of the day or the frequent occasions when the youngsters are at home with colds.

There are only two ways out. The first is to dignify and professionalize domestic work so that it will attract a higher type of worker. You have your analogy in nursing, a calling for paupers and drunkards a century ago, today affording the opportunity for a master's degree. Actually, homes are pleasanter places in which to work than factories, and many women are better suited to domestic tasks than to office work. Remove the social stigma of the servant status, give the job and its complex

skills the respect that is rightfully theirs, standardize training, for a beginning at least as much as stenographic training is standardized, and a new vocational group will come into being. Everywhere, except in the home, we practice specialization. Only by training and honoring specialists in homemaking can we release other specialists, feminine gender, for their full social usefulness in war and in peace.

The second way out is simpler. Let no woman ever go beyond elementary school.

## In the Wind

ON DECEMBER 25 *The Nation* published an article, O Little Town (Restricted), on the genteel Hitlerism of Litchfield, Connecticut, where by immemorial custom no Jew may own property. On January 7 the United Press released a brief story on the will of Benjamin Epstein, who had lived in nearby Winsted and left a fund of \$5,000 to maintain free beds in the Litchfield County Hospital.

THE NATIONAL OPINION RESEARCH CENTER reports that the public favors federal control of soldier ballots by two to one. A Southern share-cropper's wife, asked by the interviewer why she favored state control, replied, "That way the Nigger soldiers can be kept from voting."

THE SOUR ILLITERATE: Benjamin De Casseres, a Hearst columnist, offers these thoughts on the life of the mind: "Eight out of ten of our professional Ph.D. 'intellectuals' are mental zombies. I don't belong, . . . and yet nature endowed me with a rather goodly share of 'intellect' out of her brain barrel."

HEADLINE in the business section of the New York Times: "Excess of Swine Grows in Chicago."

IMMACULATE FERTILITY: From Maurice Samuels's "The World of Sholem Aleichem," page 283: "Jews were too busy having children to bother with sex."

REPRESENTATIVE EDITH NOURSE ROGERS of Massachusetts, interviewed by the Boston *Herald*, said subsidies to keep food prices down were unnecessary: "I am sure that public opinion, public protest, and the refusal of the people to buy at exorbitant prices would keep prices at a reasonable level. . . . I think, though, the average person would rather pay a few cents more for eggs than to go without them."

FESTUNG EUROPA: Since tea is unobtainable in Belgium, the German-controlled press has suggested boiled briars as a substitute. . . . An ammunition warehouse in a suburb of Oslo blew up and set off a succession of explosions that rocked the city and killed many people. "We were not afraid," said an eyewitness. "We thought it was the invasion."

[The \$5 prize for the best item received in December goes to E. J. Morris of Milwaukee for the story of Wheeler McMillen's platform for 1944. It was published in the issue of December 18.]

## *Patriot's Notebook*

BY J. KESSEL

[Although the names of persons and the details of the incidents in this story are fictitious, it is an authentic account of the French resistance today. M. Kessel has only recently come from France. He is now engaged in adapting his material on the underground struggle for a film which will be produced in England.]

MY HOST now is the Baron de V——, and I live in a beautiful Louis XIII château. The estate includes a park, a lake, rich and widespread lands. It would be hard to imagine a safer or more pleasant refuge. The Baron has put himself entirely at my service. With his long nose, complexion tanned by wind and sun, and hard little eyes, he is somebody; he takes after both a wolf and a fox. He cares for nothing except his broad acres and his hunting. A retired cavalry officer, needless to say, whose wife and children live under the Terror. The only person to stand up to him is his elder sister, an old maid never out of her riding breeches. The Baron de V—— was a sworn enemy of the Republic. Before the war he had organized his farmers and his kennelmen and huntsmen into a squadron armed with shotguns and revolvers which in the event of a Royalist rising was destined to take the nearest prefecture by a cavalry charge.

This squadron, perfectly organized and perfectly trained, still exists. But it will go into action against the Germans. Arms are there in plenty, and many escapes have been made to the land of the Baron. He belongs to no underground organization, but he helps them all. After his wife and children have gone to bed he rides out with his sister, both mounted, to receive new recruits. It is to this feudal character that our local chief, the secretary of the syndicate, has intrusted me. I teased the Baron de V—— on his alliance with a revolutionary; he gave his hunting boots a loud slap with the riding whip which he always carries, swore, and said to me, "Je préfère, monsieur, une France rouge à une France qui rougisse."

★

A country priest has come to say mass at the château. He spends his days and nights going round the farms. "You," he says to a peasant, "you have room to hide three men who won't go to Germany." "You," he says to another, "you must feed two more," and so on. He knows exactly what each one can do. He has a lot of influence and everyone obeys him. His name has been

given to the Germans, and he has been warned by the French authorities. "I've got to hurry up," he says, "for before I go to prison I want to place three hundred!" It has now become a kind of sport. A race against time.

The number of those who refused to work in Germany were a few thousand when I went to England. Today you can count them by the ten thousand. Many are swallowed up by the countryside. But many more have fled to the natural strongholds or have taken to the *maquis*—the *maquis* of Savoy, of the Cévennes, of the Pyrenees, of the *Massif Central*. Each holds an army of young people. They have to be fed, organized, and armed so far as is possible. It is a new and terrible problem for the Resistance. Some groups have sorted themselves into communities. Sometimes they edit a paper. Like tiny republics, they have their own laws. Others salute the colors every day, the flag with the Cross of Lorraine. The next mail for England will include photographs of these ceremonies.

But most of these lads, young workmen, students, clerks, need strong and intelligent leadership, money, and outside connections. Chose a committee of three from our lot to look after them: Félix, Lemasque, and Jean-François. They have the virtues and faults which complement each other.

Sent off a reception team for people and parcels coming from England. The team consists of a fireman, a butcher, a secretary of the mayor's, a policeman, a doctor. Means of transport—the policeman's car and the butcher's van.

★

Examined a great many reports. For the people in the Resistance the margin of life is always growing narrower. The Gestapo multiplies its arrests and the German courts their death sentences. And now the French police automatically surrender the Frenchmen they hold to every demand of the enemy. Before, there was prison, the concentration camp, forced domicile, or a simple warning from the authorities. Today it is nearly always death, death, death.

But on our side we kill and kill.

The French weren't ready, weren't disposed, to kill. Their temperament, their climate, their country, the state of civilization which they had reached kept them a long way from bloodshed. I remember how difficult it was for us in the first days of the Resistance to contemplate murder in cold blood, ambushes, planned assas-

sination. And how hard it was to get recruits for that. There is no question of these scruples now. Primitive man has reappeared in France. He kills to protect his home, his daily bread, his loves, his honor. He kills every day. He kills the German, the accomplices of the German, the traitor, the informer. He kills rationally and unconsciously. I would not say that the French people have grown hard, but their edge has been sharpened.

✱

Accident? Good fortune? Premonition? Instinct?

I left the château a week ago. Two days after my departure the Baron de V— was taken, at the same time as the railwayman, our section chief. Both have already been shot.

✱

I am living in a big city, at the house of a *juge d'instruction*, as his servant. It's good cover. Unfortunately, I have to see a great many people. Such coming and going in a quiet household is quickly noticed. I can't stay here much longer.

Mathilde has come back from her tour. She has made a complete report on our sectors for me. She has seen everyone and spent every night in the train. She finds it less tiring than looking after a large family in poverty. To tell the truth, she no longer looks like a housewife, I think that her new way of life and her cold fury and despair have entirely changed her expression and her way of moving. But she has been practicing as well. She told me that on her travels she changed her personality several times. Sometimes she powdered her hair and wore a severe black dress; at others she used make-up and dressed conspicuously. "I change fairly easily from the old lady bountiful to the old tart," said she in her business-like way.

One of the most important things she has done has been to establish relations with the local heads of other groups to avoid overlapping and interference in operations. It sometimes happens that two or three different organizations have the same objective at the same time—sabotage, train-wrecking, assassination, or execution. If we are without contact, the squads are multiplied uselessly and so are the risks. It is also necessary to avoid the risk of a minor operation bringing the police down on a district where a major operation is in preparation. And yet the exchange of plans increases the danger of an indiscretion.

It is the eternal problem of underground life. To take people into our confidence is an imprudence, but recruiting can't be carried on without it. The only remedy is to partition everything, so as to limit the havoc. The Communists are the great masters of partitioning, as of everything connected with the underground city. Mathilde returned full of admiration for the strength, discipline, and method which she found among them. But short of working underground a quarter of a century, one can't catch up with them. They

are the professionals; we are still paying our apprentice fees.

✱

Off again. Room taken under a fifth alibi. My papers: colonial officer on leave. Inoculations against malaria. Mathilde, as a nurse, comes to give them.

Visited Lemasque's sector.

I am not emotional, but I do not think I shall ever forget what I have seen. Hundreds and hundreds of young people returning to savagery. They can't wash. They can't shave. Their long hair hangs over cheeks burnt by the sun and the rain. They sleep in holes, in caves, in the mud. Their food is a terrible daily problem. The peasants do what they can, but that can't last indefinitely. I've seen boys wearing old bits of tire for shoes, or even bits of bark tied around their feet with laces. I've seen others whose only costume was an old potato sack split in two and tied round the loins. One can't tell any longer where these boys come from. Are they peasants, workmen, employees, students? They all wear the same hunger, the same misery, the same anger, and the same bitterness on their faces. The ones I visited were well disciplined under Lemasque and his helpers. We get them as much food and as much money as we can. But there are thousands of fugitives in the various *maquis*. No secret organization can look after even their most primitive needs. Either they must die of hunger then, or take to looting, or give themselves up. And winter hasn't come yet. Cursed be those who put such a choice before our young men.

✱

Mathilde has made a discovery which confirms some information about which we weren't quite sure. The dressmaker where Mathilde has taken an attic has a son of about twelve. This little boy works as a page at the Hotel T—. The job is a good one, not so much for the salary as for the scraps from the restaurant that he is sometimes given. Mathilde was asked to share one of these feasts. She said nothing was more pathetic than to see the little boy pretending that he wasn't hungry so as to give more to his mother, and the mother enacting the same comedy, when neither could take their eyes off the food.

Well, lately, the child has been sleeping terribly. He moans, cries, screams in his sleep, and seems to suffocate. The shivering fits which seize him are almost convulsions. He seems delirious and calls out, "Stop hurting her. Don't kill her. I implore you not to cry like that."

In desperation his mother consulted Mathilde, whom she still takes for a nurse. Mathilde spent part of the night listening to the little boy's nightmares. Then she woke him up gently. A woman who has had as many children as Mathilde, and loved them so much, knows how to speak to boys. The dressmaker's son told her

everything: For about a week he has been put under the orders of the guests who occupy the third floor of the hotel. He has to wait on the landing and answer the bell. The whole floor, he says, is occupied by ladies and gentlemen who speak French well but are all Germans. They entertain a great deal. There are men and women who always come between two German soldiers. And these French people's eyes always look unnatural, as if they are afraid and do not wish to show it. And they are always taken to the same room, No. 87. Almost always cries, and peculiar noises, and moans are heard. The noises stop and then go on again. And again. "Till it makes you ill, I assure you, Madame," said the child to Mathilde. "The screams of the women they are hurting, they are worse than anything. And if you could see in what a state they leave. Often they are taken into another room, and then they bring them back. And it begins again. I didn't want to speak to anyone about it because I was afraid to think about it."

That was how we discovered the whereabouts of the Torture Chamber for this town.

Next day Mathilde asked me what advice I would have given the dressmaker about her son.

"But to take him away from the hotel at once," I said. "Well, I persuaded her to let him stay on," said Mathilde. "It is so valuable to have a spy in such a place. Above all, an innocent one." Her mouth narrowed, and she looked at me inquiringly with a very sad expression. I had to force myself to tell her she was right.

✱

A long talk with Louis H——, chief of a group with which we often cooperate. We discussed first of all a very urgent question. Louis H—— has three men in a concentration camp to whom he is particularly attached. The Gestapo has claimed these three men. They are going to be handed over to it by train in four days. Louis H——'s organization has been terribly tried in the last month, and he has not got enough men to rescue his comrades. He has come to ask me if we would undertake the operation. I shall give the necessary orders.

Then, without wishing it, as old schoolmates or regimental or war comrades do, we let ourselves drift into reminiscences. Both of us are among the veterans of Resistance. We have seen a lot of water and blood flow under the bridges. Louis H—— worked out that of four hundred who formed his group at the beginning only five were left now with their life and liberty. If we have a greater proportion of survivors—a matter of luck, perhaps of organization—the work is the same, tremendous. And the Gestapo strikes without stopping, always harder and closer. But the enemy cannot succeed in suppressing the Resistance. It's too late. We decided that a year ago the Germans, if they had shot or arrested a thousand picked men, could have beheaded all our groups and disorganized the Resistance for a long time,

perhaps till the war was over. Today that's impossible. There are too many resisters, and substitute resisters, helpers, and accomplices. If all the men were deported the women would remain. And there are some surprising ones.

✱

After Louis left, I had a fit of depression. It's not good to count the missing. And then I haven't been sleeping well these days. I think of the Mont Valérien, where not a day passes without executions, of that park of Chaville where every day a lorry brings the condemned before an execution squad, of the rifle range of Z——, where not a day goes by without our comrades being machine-gunned.

I have thought about the cells of Fresne, the cellars of Vichy, about room 87 in the Hotel T——, where every day, every night, they burn women's breasts and break their toes, and stick pins under their nails, and send electric currents through the sexual organs. I have thought of the prisons and the concentration camps where people die of hunger, of consumption, of cold, of vermin. I have thought of the team of our underground newspaper, completely renewed three times over, of the sectors where not a man, not a woman, remains of those who saw the work begin.

And I asked myself as a practical thinker, as an engineer who designs a blueprint, do the results we obtain justify these massacres? Is our newspaper worth the death of its editors, its printers, its distributors? Are our little sabotages, our individual assassinations, our modest little secret army which will perhaps never go into action—are they worth our terrible losses? Are leaders like us, who inflame and train and sacrifice so many stout fellows and brave men, so many simpletons, for a war in secret, of famine and torture—are such leaders, in short, really necessary for victory?

As a practical thinker, as an honest mathematician, I have to admit that I have no idea; and even that I don't believe we are. In numbers, for all useful purposes, we work at a loss. Then, I have thought, we should in all honesty give it up. But the moment the thought of giving up has come to me I have known it was impossible. Impossible to leave to others the whole weight and care of protecting us, of rescuing us; impossible to leave the Germans with the memory of a country without a comeback, without dignity, without hatred. I have felt that an enemy killed by us who have neither uniform nor flag nor land, that such an enemy was heavier and more efficacious in the scales which weigh a country's destiny than a whole holocaust on the field of battle. I know that we have waged the French people's most glorious war. A war of little material use, since victory is already assured us, even without our help. A war which no one compels us to wage, a war with no glory, a war of executions and assassinations, in fact a free war. But

this war is an act of love and an act of hate. In short an act of living.

"For a people to be so generous with its blood," said the boss one day, with his quiet smile, "that proves at least that its corpuscles are red."

## Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

NOWHERE has the Nazi race theory failed so miserably as in Alsace-Lorraine. And nowhere has its failure been illustrated more dramatically than in the incident of the University of Strasbourg, or, if you prefer, the University of Clermont-Ferrand. For some weeks we heard only vague rumors about new Nazi brutalities; then gradually we learned more about the affair from reports smuggled across the Swiss border into the news room of the *Journal de Genève*.

When war first broke out, Strasbourg was evacuated, and the university, together with all its teachers and students, was transported to Clermont-Ferrand, where it was allowed to use the equipment of the local university. Then came the surrender. Alsace was annexed by the Germans. A new German university was founded in Strasbourg. Thereupon the Nazi authorities sought to induce the Alsatian students and teachers to leave Clermont-Ferrand and return to Strasbourg. But although most of these were, in Nazi terminology, "racially German," few could be persuaded to go back. Moreover, a steady stream of Alsatian youth who had no desire either to study at a Nazi university or to serve in the German army trickled over the demarcation line to the university in exile.

When all France was overrun in November, 1942, the Germans intensified their efforts to get the Alsatians to return. Representatives of the student groups were haled before the occupation authorities and given an ultimatum. It was on one of these occasions that a student is said to have answered, "My comrades and I would rather live in poverty with vanquished France than become servants of victorious Germany." Some arrests were made; persons disappeared—among others, Professor Hauter of the Department of Protestant Theology. When all this availed nothing, the Nazis abandoned their attempts to lure back their Alsatian "*Volks-genossen*" and employed their familiar methods of "annihilation" and "extermination." The Gestapo went into action.

At ten o'clock on the morning of December 2 an S. S. battalion armed with machine-guns seized the main building of the University of Clermont-Ferrand in the Avenue Carnot. All Alsatian students and professors found there, about five hundred, were rounded up.

Without even being allowed to get their coats and hats, they were forced to march out into the winter cold, holding their arms above their heads. A professor of Greek, M. Collomb, who refused to put up his hands, was shot on the spot. A professor of theology, M. Eppel, was mortally wounded. Toward evening the procession reached some barracks. There they found other hundreds in the same situation, for the Gestapo had raided not only the main building of the university but a half-dozen other schools—the physics and chemistry institutes, the law seminar, even the municipal library. What happened after that we do not know. Nothing has been heard from any of the persons arrested. The Alsatians who escaped arrest went into hiding. The next morning the Gestapo chief issued the statement: "The University of Strasbourg in Clermont-Ferrand is no more."

For the first time in this war Germany is experiencing a serious food crisis. At the beginning of the fall the weekly potato ration for the winter period was set at nine and a half American pounds, and the people were urged to buy their entire winter's supply at once, so far as that was possible, and to store it in their cellars. Special purchase stamps were given out for this purpose. But by the end of November it began to be apparent that the plan had struck a snag. First, further purchases of potatoes for storing were forbidden. Then came announcements that "the potato crop this year did not turn out to be as large as would have been desirable." Finally all previous rulings were scrapped. The weekly ration was "revised"; cut almost in half to five and a half American pounds. But since then, in large parts of the country, even the allotted five and a half pounds a week has not been obtainable. In Dresden, for example, all through November the ration was reduced to three and a third pounds.

It is a safe conclusion that the sudden scarcity was due not only to the bad harvest but to the progressive loss of the Ukraine. We know how much the German regime had counted on the Ukrainian "bread basket"; at the least the armies on the eastern front were to be fed from it in 1944. In any case the potato shortage is a fact, and the Nazis face a food problem of serious proportions. For not only are potatoes an extremely important item in the people's diet, but they are also used extensively as fodder for animals. A decree published on December 23 states that "the poor potato crop makes it necessary to slaughter great numbers of pigs prematurely; if their slaughter were put off, the consumption of potatoes would be undesirably high." When the same necessity caused the same action to be taken during the last war, it was called "hog murder." And it is ironical that in the Nazi agitation of later years this "hog murder" was described as "a criminal Jewish trick" to ruin Germany.

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Goya

*THE COMPLETE ETCHINGS OF GOYA.* Foreword by Aldous Huxley. Crown Publishers. \$3.50.

OF ALL the artists whose life and works have inspired a literature Goya perhaps stands first. Art critics and biographers are still examining into what manner of man this was, and what are the excellences of the work he has left us. Writers in very different fields still draw strength from Goya in the development of their own ideas. Ever since the first books appeared about him—Laurent Mathéron's in 1858 and Charles Yriarte's in 1867—the publications of all sorts, commentaries, articles, even poems, which had to do with him have been endless and abundant. Some of them are influenced by the legend which accompanies him, some by historical considerations; some take the novel form; some—and perhaps the fewest—analyze his art; it is, of course, true that the best guide to understanding the art of a great artist is that artist's life.

The concept of what is characteristically Goyesque springs in all this literature, good and bad, from Goya's engravings. Their creator divided the most important of them into four groups, and gave those groups the following titles:

The *Capriccios*: these were printed between 1792 and 1799, and some 240 impressions were made of them.

The *Art of Bullfighting*: Goya printed this series himself, about the year 1815, but there is no record of the number of impressions made.

The *Disasters of the War*: these were printed in 1863, thirty-five years after Goya's death, and 500 sets were made of them.

The *Proverbs* (also called by the untranslatable title *Los Disparates*): the first 250 impressions were made in the year 1864 by the San Fernando Royal Academy of Fine Arts.

Earlier, Goya engraved copies of twenty-five of Velázquez's paintings (nine of these engravings have been lost), but though the work of Velázquez left a profound mark on Goya's painting, it had no effect on his black-and-white.

In one of the hundred and thirty-odd letters written to his friend Don Martín Zapater, Goya told him, "My teachers were nature, Rembrandt, and Goya." This he said in explaining the aesthetic orientation of his engravings. There is no better analysis. If we try to go farther back, we very quickly find that the three cardinal points on which the engravings rest are Goya's eyes, his magical temperament which put something of himself into everything he touched, and the art of Rembrandt, which also moved within the engraving method. Madrid still preserves a magnificent collection of the Dutch master's prints, which Goya must have studied with the utmost care. But unlike Rembrandt, Goya was too restless, too dynamic in temperament to squander time tracing an infinite number of delicate lines on a copper plate for the purpose of getting the shadings, the translations from white to black which he desired. So he invented the resin bath called "aquatint"—resin dust sprinkled on a copper

plate leaves small free points which, when the acid bites into them, gives those deep or delicate grays which form his backgrounds. This new method is so characteristic of the technique of Goya's engravings that Plate 32 of the *Capriccios* is in itself sufficient to acquaint one with the quality of the prints.

The eighty *Capriccios* form a kind of intimate diary of one period of the artist's life. In them Goya took the lid off his passions, and with an irony which was at times both brutal and bloody, criticized the society he was then occupied in painting. Kings and nobles, priests, politicians, friars, light women, witches, devils, and common people move in and out of the series, exhibiting the vices of their souls as well as of their bodies. The strangest of compositions carry the most confusing of legends under them, for Goya was intent on cloaking these *Capriccios* in mystery, and in spite of the most meticulous searching of scholars, the mystery still holds. We assume that the famous Duchess of Alba, King Charles IV, his licentious consort Queen Maria Louisa, the *enfant terrible* Ferdinand VII, the court ministers, the sages, churchmen, and even the social concepts of the period appear and disappear in these *Capriccios*. It is not impossible that those two subtle writers, Cean Bermudez and Moratín, who were both friends and models for Goya, may have added the richness of their ideas to this work—a work drawn with such spiritual violence and monstrous exaltation that it became the forerunner of the school of caricature favored by graphic newspaper commentators throughout the nineteenth century.

The *Capriccios* were followed by the *Art of Bullfighting*, which is an engraved history of that art in twenty prints. We do not know whether, as the legend claims, Goya actually took part in a bullfight, but Moratín wrote in 1825, "Goya says he was a bullfighter in his day, and that with a matador's sword in hand he fears no one, and this in spite of the fact that he will be eighty in two months." It can be added that he understood the fine points of bullfighting perfectly and delighted in drawing them. Some of the prints in this series are among the most beautiful of all his etchings.

The *Disasters of the War* were inspired by Napoleon's invasion of Spain. It is more than possible that Goya made this group of eighty war prints as a relief and an outlet for the saddest moments of his existence. His eyes saw no theatrical brilliance in those triumphant marches, that military heroism. His eyes saw misery, ruin, maledictions, hatred, death; and Goya gave up all the comforts of his charming *Palacete* on the outskirts of Madrid and installed himself alone in a small workshop in a humble city street. There, like an old sorcerer manipulating acids, he went on engraving destruction, fire, crime, blood, rapine, disease, and hunger. He watched the Spanish people struggling for their independence, and out of an interpretation of their anguish came a prophecy for the future. Print number 78, which shows a horse attacked by mad dogs while other dogs sit by and watch, is entitled "He Defends Himself Well."

French writers of the middle of the last century explained that the meaning of the print was to be found in the situation of the Spanish people, then attacked by foreign armies with the approval of powerful countries which prevented Spain from defending itself. The bit of history which Goya saw in 1808 was repeated with great violence in 1936.

After the Disasters of the War, Goya engraved the Proverbs, or Los Disparates. Surely he was trying to blot out the memory of that enormous tragedy by plunging into a world of fantasy, of absurdity, of the beautiful and mysterious pirouette which by saying nothing says everything.

The latest edition of these four groups of engravings was made in the midst of the horrors of war, in Madrid in 1937, and may with good reason be called extraordinary. Five copies were made on special Japanese paper as a way of bidding farewell with all due honor to the famous engraved copper. For, as the head of the printing house—La Calco-grafia Nacional—which had cared for them for some thirty years wrote at the time, the present state of the copper plates does not permit the making of more prints without danger of destroying the engraving.

This work of Goya, together with thirty-nine other prints, carefully reproduced, has been made into a beautiful book by Crown Publishers. In a prologue Aldous Huxley gives us a brilliant impression of Goya, his restless temperament, and the manner in which he made these engravings. It is very laudable that now, when the present bloody regime in Spain has dedicated itself to the destruction of Spanish art and artists—an art and certain artists that are universal—the United States should have undertaken to spread Goya's fame abroad.

LUIS QUINTANILLA

## Post-War Primers

*ROAD TO PEACE AND FREEDOM.* By Irving Brant. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.

*BUILDING FOR PEACE AT HOME AND ABROAD.* By Maxwell S. Stewart. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

**B**OTH these brief volumes are intended to chart a way out of the maze of inconsistencies and confusion which threatens to entrap the mind of the average American before this war is even won. The first book attempts to solve this dilemma by reducing the world problem to American political terms; the second attempts to solve it by expanding the American problem to world economic terms.

Mr. Brant, basing his argument on what appears to be somewhat hurried research, arrives at the optimistic conclusion that "the only ultimate choice which exists for the United States today is between socialism and capitalism regulated for the benefit of society." His chapters on North Africa, Occupied Europe, and China are too brief to be anything but superficial, but they are fundamentally sound. His chapters on Foreign Policy, State Department, and Russia are much better for being longer.

After surveying the State Department's bungling of our political warfare to date, Mr. Brant, who is the Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Sun*, concludes that "the department cannot be trusted to make decisions, cannot even be relied upon to furnish the simplest factual information,

in matters most vitally affecting the destiny of the world." I question, however, that our disastrous foreign policy is merely the consequence of an "ideological conflict between the democratic President and his anti-democratic State Department." I think Mr. Brant has too much faith in Mr. Roosevelt's "democratic principles and his understanding of the menace of fascism," and too glibly excuses the President for his share in the shameful political role our government has been playing in North Africa and Italy.

In regard to Russia, he capably synthesizes the many arguments pro and con; and without overlooking the shortcomings of Soviet foreign policy concludes: "The revised record does not prove Soviet Russia's trustworthiness in the post-war world, but it strips away some false ideas of past untrustworthiness, and tends to show that the Russians are not so different from ourselves where the safety of their country is concerned." In attempting to rationalize Russia's territorial ambitions, however, he sometimes ventures a little beyond his depth, as when he states that northern Bukovina was occupied "in 1939 . . . to give Soviet Russia and Czechoslovakia a common boundary. . . ." (Actually, Bukovina was not occupied until June 27-30, 1940, when Czechoslovakia had ceased to exist and when the Sub-Carpathian Ukraine had been occupied by Hungary.) In any event, says Mr. Brant, Russia after the war will be so powerful that she "can rule all Europe by force if she so desires." But he doesn't think she will, because her "dependence upon the American machine-tool industry . . . in the ten years following the war will offer a firmer guaranty against revolutionary intrigue than the dissolution of the Comintern."

Mr. Stewart, dealing with less controversial materials than Mr. Brant, proceeds on more solid ground. His book is addressed "to the common man—to 'Jim Hogan,'" and is a summary of the means of attaining "two practical and immediate goals: (1) the provision of jobs for all Americans who want work after the war; and (2) the prevention of World War III."

In discussing the many post-war reemployment programs, he opens some very encouraging vistas. Agricultural acreage, he believes, could and should be doubled, which would ultimately engage or reengage several million workers; at least two million additional men could be employed for years in providing us with adequate housing; and expanded health, education, and recreation projects could easily absorb a million more. But how is it all to be paid for? Mr. Stewart skilfully explodes the many myths which confuse our post-war thinking, among them the myth that governmental fiscal policy has to obey the shibboleths of private finance. He holds with Alvin Hansen of Harvard that post-war depressions can be avoided "by a carefully planned program of combined consumer and public spending," and with Mordecai Ezekiel of the Department of Agriculture that the secret of maintaining employment is to keep wages high and prices low—by means of government subsidies, if necessary—thereby preventing "the accumulation of surplus buying power in the hands of a few." He summarizes and criticizes these and other plans—including those put forward by David Prince of General Electric, the magazine *Fortune*, and industry's Committee for Economic Development—showing how they can all be combined and rationalized if only the

# ONE VICTORY FOR HITLER?

*Of all Hitler's grandiose and megalomaniac ambitions, he retains only one—the complete annihilation of the Jews of Europe. All his other ambitions he has had to abandon one by one, under the irresistible onslaught of the victorious armies of the United Nations. In his gloomy New Year's message he announced his intention to win one great victory this year—over the Jews! He declared: "Our whole life, our efforts and our existence must be directed to only one end . . . the complete extermination of Jewry all over Europe."*

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American public desires post-war security strongly enough to force our politicians to provide it. The extent of our international cooperation after the war, Mr. Stewart believes, will depend largely on how successfully we can put our own house in order. If we succeed, then there will be no insuperable obstacles to our taking the lead, with Britain and Russia, in organizing the world's economy so that a Third World War can be prevented.

The only trouble with this useful little book is a fundamental question which Mr. Stewart himself brings up in his concluding chapter. Will the average American, the "Jim Hogan" to whom Mr. Stewart speaks, be influenced by post-war primers such as these? Mr. Stewart has his doubts. "Experience has shown," he writes, "that [public complacency] is not likely to be jolted by intellectual appeals, whether they be presented in books, pamphlets, on the radio, or in the movies. . . ." In other words, simple, concise, well-reasoned books like these—books that should but won't be read by the common man—are doomed to insignificant sales, and will be read chiefly by persons who, like this reviewer, are already in essential agreement with their authors. And we need stronger meat.

LEIGH WHITE

## Fiction in Review

**L**IANA" by Martha Gellhorn (Scribner's, \$2.50) is for me reminiscent of last year's "Tropic Moon" by the French writer Simenon, not only because both novels are triangular love stories of the French tropics and share a sophisticated concern for the way colored people are treated in the colonies, but because they both manage to achieve an emotional, almost a literary, effect quite beyond their literary merits. Possibly this is the result of their non-intellectuality—or rather, of their perfect blending of intellectual and emotional pitch. There is more atmosphere, for instance, in Miss Gellhorn's book than the author seems to work to produce, and more suggested meaning in the human relationships than characters such as hers usually yield. On the surface, or even several layers down, "Liana" is not much more than another stereotyped, not-so-lush-as-it-could-have-been narrative of tropical miscegenation: the richest white man of the island marries his mulatto mistress and then, neglecting her, loses her to the school teacher, also white but more decent; and even the fact that the novel ends with both white men becoming more interested in each other and in politics than in the girl can scarcely raise it to a level where, say, it would disturb its neighbors in a woman's magazine. Still, there are reverberations from Miss Gellhorn's simple story, as there were reverberations from Simenon's novel, which must be recorded on the credit side of the ledger; it is always a good thing when a novel gives off more effects than can be readily accounted for.

E. Arnot Robertson's "The Signpost" (Macmillan, \$2.50) has the virtue of at least starting out as a war novel of the type which appears to be English bread and butter but which in my experience is not even caviar on the American war menu. I have not come across a single American novel which tries to say a word of truth about this war: those of our novelists who are concerned with the war either write elabo-

rate fictions about this happy land worth dying for or take out their patrioteering in forced re-creations of the past, intended to prove that America through all its history has been whole-woven of the purest idealisms. But even second-string English novelists don't appear to feel the need to protest so much. Accepting their country, they acknowledge its faults, and they dare to speak up in the kind of criticism which novelists in this country seem to think is subversion; they even dare, like Miss Robertson, to uncover doubts in the mind of an R. A. F. flier. But, as I say, this distinction obtains in only the first chapters of Miss Robertson's book; for the rest of a long way "The Signpost" deserts the heart of England at war for the heart of Ireland in uneasy peace—which is perhaps no less courageous but is certainly, in this instance, less interesting.

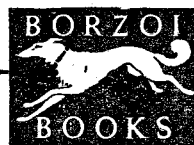
If Kay Boyle's "Avalanche" (Simon and Schuster, \$2.50)—it is extended from a *Saturday Evening Post* serial—had been content to be only what the slogan on the jacket describes, "a novel of love and espionage," I should be glad to accept it as simply another commercial exploitation of the drama of these hard times. I have never found it in particularly bad taste, nor an offense against the serious truth, that writers should spin adventure stories out of the struggles of the European undergrounds. But Miss Boyle's excursion into French anti-Nazi activities is offensive in the extreme against the serious truth because by the introduction of italicized passages of literary exaltation and by the parade of her whole familiar bundle of literary mannerisms she pretends to more and better than pot-boiling. Reality immediately asserts itself, in all its tragic grandeur, against such an encroachment.

Jesse Stuart's "Taps for Private Tussie" (Dutton, \$2.50), winner of the 1943 Thomas Jefferson Southern Award, came out some weeks ago; it has not only sold many copies but received very special praise for its authentic American character and its ballad flavor. And you will remember Mr. Stuart, author of "Man with the Bull-Tongue Plough," for his reputation as a "native" writer, a poet who refuses to desert his land and its people. Well, to my taste, "Taps for Private Tussie," recounting the adventures of the Tussie clan when on the death of a son in service it inherits his \$10,000 insurance, is an unpleasant comic strip of a book; its chief point seems to be the superiority of Mr. Stuart's reading public to those amusing Kentucky mountaineers who know no better than to live in animal squalor and by animal trickery and to squander their relief subsidies for moonshine.

DIANA TRILLING

## DRAMA

ART, mishandled, has a kickback that a shotgun would envy. And the drubbing that Maxwell Anderson has had from the reviewers of his latest play, "Storm Operation" (Belasco Theater), is as nothing to the beating he has taken from the Muse herself. Reverberations of the encounter came through in the form of newspaper bulletins about rewritings and a postponement. But Mr. Anderson's attempt at appeasement obviously didn't work; the Muse was not amused. Nor did the fact that Mr. Anderson meant well all the time save him, for the Muse is nothing if not vindictive. And the



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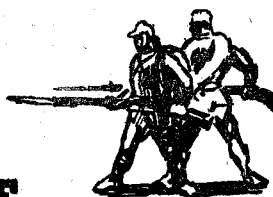
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ruthlessness with which she trips him up, sends him stumbling into a cul de sac, and leaves him there is something to see.

As I have said, Mr. Anderson meant well. A good many months ago he paid a visit to the front in North Africa. He was greatly moved by his experience, particularly by the sight of plain ordinary American soldiers, in their infinite variety, going about their business in a strange land. Out of this reservoir of feeling and observation he has drawn a few characterizations that are authentic.

To the relatively pure gold of these characterizations Mr. Anderson added the dross of a plot having to do with military operations and a love story involving a sergeant and a nurse. This was legitimate. But Mr. Anderson made the fatal mistake of assuming that he could write a significant play without an idea or a point of view. And that is his undoing. Art, like nature, abhors a vacuum, and since Mr. Anderson had nothing to say, or chose to say nothing, about war in general or this war in particular, it was inevitable that the plot or the "love interest" would fill the void. The "love interest" wins. Instead of being, as it was obviously intended to be, a bit of sugarcoating, it gets completely out of hand and swamps the show. I have seldom heard so much talk about marriage even in a play ostensibly dealing with that great institution — and no play dealing directly with marriage would dare to discuss it on such a simple-minded level of "I'll keep house for you" — "You really want to keep house for me?" The scene of this play is an encampment at the front, but toward the end of the evening everyone on the stage is so engrossed in the marriage of the sergeant and the streamlined nurse that the spectator begins to wonder if the whole cast shouldn't be sent to some quiet sector behind the lines, say Hollywood, and a new one sent up to get on with the war. The final ludicrous impression is that what Maxwell Anderson brought back from his visit to World War II was a new belief in — marriage. No wonder I thought I heard the Muse chuckling in the wings.

There is some accurate reporting, especially in the first act, of the very elementary reactions of American soldiers to their experience, but we have heard them before from newspaper correspondents, and they are not put to any significant use. What is worse, one is never sure they are not Mr. Anderson's reactions, since he establishes no attitude of his own. The level of awareness and intelligence, in other words, is no higher than that of the least naive character in the play, and I find it difficult to decide who that was.

There is a "situation" between the American sergeant and an English captain which is further complicated in the most unlikely fashion by the fact that they are both in love with the nurse. The situation is duly resolved according to a pretty shopworn formula, and in the climactic scene the English captain, who is also a lord, performs the marriage ceremony by virtue of his having once studied for the ministry — which explains why he carries a Bible! There is a Frenchman whose "intensity" about the war is made light of, and an Italian prisoner who is presented in the, to me, infuriating stereotyped guise of an obsequious "wop" coward. Needless to say, he has a brother in America.

In performance "Storm Operation" exercises the same fascination as a slick bad movie. It didn't bore me. The

settings are nicely suited to this exotic Arabian Nights war of Mr. Anderson's. The cast acts well and is in general well cast, though the nurse (Gertrude Musgrove) with her fashionable long back and her incredibly well-tailored and impeccably pressed slacks does seem a little out of place even in this incarnation of the North African theater. Myron McCormick, as the American sergeant who describes himself as a retired steel worker, brings more to the part as actor than he gets out of the script. And I quite fell in love with Cy Howard, whose part is mostly written in double talk. In my opinion he dies in vain.

MARGARET MARSHALL

"Over Twenty-one" (Music Box) has become an established hit without the help of this column. It is the sort of play that was sure to succeed in this sort of season. The dialogue is funny—not subtle or witty but just funny. The total absence of plot is artfully concealed behind a lot of diverting activity. Things are always happening, absurd or comic or, just occasionally, rather moving things; and it is only afterward that you realize you have been lured into not noticing how little else the play has to offer. Such trickery is itself, of course, an evidence of superior craftsmanship. Between them, Ruth Gordon, who wrote the play and has the leading role, and George Kaufman, who directed it, know how to perform this kind of stage magic. By every gesture and inflection Ruth Gordon enriches her part. She knows how to be maliciously insinuating at one moment and artfully simple the next; she is at her best when she whirls into sudden violence. Her cast supports her well. The set is perfect—so innocently and nicely awful. Almost anybody would have a good time at "Over Twenty-one."

F. K.

### CONTRIBUTORS

JESSE LURIE, New York correspondent of the *Palestine Post*, worked as a newspaperman in Palestine for many years. At present he is writing a novel based on the experiences of an American soldier in Palestine.

EDITH M. STERN, a housewife and free-lance writer, is working on a manual for attendants in mental hospitals under the sponsorship of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene and the Commonwealth Fund. It is coming slowly, she reports, for the reasons mentioned in her article.

LUIS QUINTANILLA, eminent Spanish artist, served with the Loyalists during the war in Spain, and has been in this country since it ended. "All the Brave," a book of his war drawings, was published here in 1939.

LEIGH WHITE was a foreign correspondent for the Columbia Broadcasting System in 1941 and 1942, spending much of his time in the Balkans.

*In early issues of The Nation*

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## FILMS

**C**ROCODILE tears over the alleged decline of Alfred Hitchcock have for years been a favorite cocktail among those who take moving pictures seriously. That has always seemed to me an impatient and cheap attitude to take toward any kind of change, or disturbance, in the work of a good artist. It still does. Nevertheless, because my space is limited, I am going to use it almost exclusively to specify things which strike me as limiting, or disappointing, about "Lifeboat."

The initial idea—a derelict boat and its passengers as microcosm—is itself so artificial that, like the problems set by keeping a story moving for two hours within a gunwale frame, it sets the whole pride and brain too sharply to work on a tour de force for its own sake.

These two handicaps, adequately undertaken, could have become leverages upon great advantages, working like, say, the formal stringencies of a sonnet.

It seems to me that the only way to counteract the basic artificiality and to bring it through to absolute success—the more so when you count in the necessary stripping away of the sort of

detail of streets, machines, garments which Hitchcock has a genius for putting to work—would have been through (1) an implacable physical and psychological realism, which was not attempted, (2) squeezing the poetic and symbolic power out of the final intensities of this realism—the essence of most good cinema—rather than tempering the realism to the allegory.

As allegory, the film is nicely knit, extensively shaded and detailed, and often fascinating. But the allegory itself is always too carefully slide-ruled. None of it gives off the crazy, more than ambiguous, nascent-oxygen quality of first-rate allegories like those of Shakespeare or Kafka or Joyce. And little of it effloresces into pure human or even pure theatrical emotion; it is too thought-out, too superficial, and too much in thrall to its somewhat sentimental intelligence. Though every performance has, within the limits which seem so arduously and coldly set, fine spirit and propriety, only William Bendix occasionally transcends those limits and becomes an immediate human being.

The handling of the cinematic problems is extremely astute, in spite of a smell of studio about most of it. But since too little was ventured of what

followed as a logical obligation out of the root of the idea, it remains an interesting, disappointing demonstration of possibilities at a second or third remove. What disturbs me is the question whether Hitchcock recognizes this, as I would certainly be inclined to assume; or whether, like too many good but less gifted film artists, he has at last become so engrossed in the solution of pure problems of technique that he has lost some of his sensitiveness toward the purely human aspects of what he is doing. A friend of mine justly remarks that "Lifeboat" is more a Steinbeck picture than a Hitchcock. In "Shadow of a Doubt," too, I felt that Hitchcock was dominated by his writers. In his finest films he has always shown, always cinematically, qualities of judgment and perception which to my mind bring him abreast of all but the few best writers of his time, and which set him far beyond the need, conscious or otherwise, of going to school to anyone. But too many people rock "Lifeboat"; and they hulk what had every right and need, if it were undertaken at all, to be a great and terrifying film. **JAMES AGE**

## DANCE

**T**HERE is a sharp difference between the utilization of unconscious forces in the creation of a work of art and the facile superimposition of psychoanalytic formulas on the material of art. The latter is a dead-end road which, like the earlier fad of "social significance," is unfortunately being followed by many practitioners of the arts. Its disastrous results in the field of the dance were tellingly demonstrated by Martha Graham's latest program.

If you can imagine three Borgias simultaneously wrestling with their pasts on a psychoanalytic couch, then you have "Deaths and Entrances," the major new offering of the evening, and a grueling exposition of female frustration. In a dumb-show display of case histories, the fury-driven protagonists react to each other on the same level but without any of the intentional irony of Thurber's characters in the War Between Men and Women. What is exhibited ultimately in this composition, as in "Salem Shore," a new and lengthy solo, is the narcissistic enjoyment of individual suffering. Here Miss Graham's fatal error is to confuse the dissection of the neurotic under layer with the discovery of the soul; the former is a clinical procedure, the latter a dynamic process

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that cannot be achieved through the application of therapeutic techniques. Unlike the divine frenzy of the Maenads, Graham's possession derives from individual imbalance, and as it lacks divinity, it also lacks humanity.

Now the business of the choreographer is to create, to be a "maker," not of fragments, but of wholes; to create a form, a milieu in which actions occur, in which feelings are engendered—for the artist is not simply a window dresser filling space with articles of display. Moreover, although a single moment in a given composition may carry the germ of all that follows, in the complexity of a work of art there must be reference and cross-reference, a necessary and inevitable development, so that no isolated moment is complete until the whole is realized. Exhibitionism in the dance, as in the other arts, seeks merely to create an effect by display; it is not concerned with establishing that two-way flow between artist and audience in which a complete experience in a particular medium is communicated, an experience potentially as real as any in the everyday world. It is Miss Graham's indulgence in the exhibition of neurotic conflicts for purposes of display rather than of communication that marks her basic failure as an artist.

To turn to lighter subjects, "Punch and Judy," an earlier composition, has many agreeable moments, most of which are provided by Erick Hawkins's dancing. He alone of the entire company seems to derive pleasure from physical movement, which, all theories aside, is still the stuff of which the dance is properly made.

VIRGINIA MISHNUN

## ART

**T**ECHNICALLY one of the most gifted of all painters, Derain has always suffered from a bad character. His technical accomplishment is not merely a matter of dexterity: it is so solid and profound that it assimilates to itself some of the traits associated with genius. The Chardinesque frying pan in the 1939 "Still Life with Fish" (in the show of his work at the Pierre Matisse Gallery through January 29) is painted with what I can only call a surcharge on the resources of his medium that no painter of the age can match. Yet the picture as a whole suffers from a heavy matter-of-factness, a numbness, which converts it into a controlled demonstration of Derain's prowess and a maneuver of his vanity.

It fails to impress one as an end in itself. But tradition can at times humble Derain by the accumulation of its great examples and force him to paint on his knees in spite of himself. And certain mysterious aspects of nature quell his ego. His forest interiors, with their green-yellow gloom and scaffolding of brown tree boles, where light becomes one solid among others, show the artist *mis à nu*. The theme compels him to measure himself frankly against the past and to confess how much his art lacks the completeness which can only be attained by an infinity of reverberations. Derain's natural bent is toward an art rationally founded, breathing the sentiment of a space defined by massive forms and impermeable surfaces, all organized in a clear, logical system. His most valid feeling is what might be termed the sentimentality of materialism, which Courbet had too. On the other hand, when he mistakenly follows the example of Cézanne, who ventured into a sphere where Cartesian logic and Newtonian physics cannot operate, Derain betrays his disorientation by his failure to concern himself with more than mere surface. His obtuseness is exposed by the very brilliance with which he achieves just what he has set out to do and no more. See the big brittle landscape called "Valley of the Lot at Vers," painted in 1912. As for Derain's portrait heads, much that is good in them is smothered by the ambition to contrive a new thrill out of the solid and the chic.

Derain's place in modern painting, as well as that of Vlaminck and Dunoyer de Ségonzac, has never been fixed satisfactorily. I think it can be said that all three of them are revising the academic or traditional in terms of some of the discoveries made by Cézanne. Abandoning the expanded color ranges they handled while *Fauves*, though retaining the higher color keys, they go back to the unity of tone of the old masters, whose range of values—or darks and lights—far exceeded their range of color intensities. The gradual transitions from value to value which were axiomatic for the old masters and expressed their sense of the unity of life are replaced by abrupt contrasts and broader and flatter definitions of values—which give the modern sense of the disunity of life and the superior unity of art. For modern art is able, apparently, to reconcile the most violent contrasts, something that politics, philosophy, and religion have been incapable of doing lately. Derain, Vlaminck,



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and Ségonzac are thoroughgoing conservatives in every respect except their art, and even there they are not by any means radicals. The narrowness of their palettes manifests their concern with unity and order. Their painterly virtues lie in the manipulation of values, not of color. They may flavor their painting occasionally with a pinch of intenser color—Vlaminck being the most daring in that he imposes his system of values over two or three intense colors and sometimes even expresses value by intensity—but essentially, they are what can be called, for lack of better terms, "tonalists." CLEMENT GREENBERG

## MUSIC

A CHICAGO reader, who reports that the Chicago Public Library has many of the books of David Ewen and those of Sigmund Spaeth, Charles O'Connell, Deems Taylor, etc., but does not have, among others, Tovey's "Essays in Musical Analysis" and some of Ernest Newman's books, goes on to make this comment: "But the influence of the first group is not permanent. I know; for I devoured all of them, adopted their opinions about music I hadn't heard often or at all, and discarded them just as quickly as I began to use my ears and intelligence." The comment establishes one rather important fact—that the critic is subject to check by his reader, or at any rate by the reader who, in the words of my correspondent, "listens to music with good ears and a sound mind." It is, indeed, from this check that the critic gets or fails to get his authority as a critic with his reader. One critic likes Toscanini and not Koussevitzky while another likes Koussevitzky and not Toscanini; the reader then listens for what, in the performances, each critic says he hears and likes or dislikes; he finds it or doesn't find it, agrees with the critic's reasons for liking or disliking it or doesn't agree; and he decides after a sufficient number of instances which critic has and which has not the perception, insight, and understanding that are what give him authority.

When Virgil Thomson remarks that Mitropoulos has taken over the New York Philharmonic like an army of occupation, or that Stella Roman doesn't sing in phrases but only in single notes which she exploits with a spectacular technique of crooning and crescendo, a reader with ears and intelligence can listen to a Mitropoulos or Roman per-

formance and hear what the statement describes; and he will feel pleasure and gratitude for the brilliantly expressed perception which has increased his own understanding. When Mr. Thomson says Toscanini's tempos are a shade fast the reader can sometimes hear confirmation of that. But when Mr. Thomson works out a demonstration that Toscanini's performances have meter but not rhythm, the same reader will listen to a performance and hear the fact that contradicts the demonstration. Or when Mr. Thomson writes that Toscanini's performance of Beethoven's Seventh was a mere highly dramatized outline taken at too fast a pace for the orchestra to execute detail with clarity, and that in the performance of the Missa Solemnis "there was no continuity in dynamic gamut" but instead a constant "unsubtle contrasting of force with weakness," the reader will hear in the one performance the clearly executed detail, in the other the "continuity in dynamic gamut" wherever Beethoven asks for it. And having heard, the reader will decide that there is no profit for him in either the pat schematizations about Toscanini's work as it is in Mr. Thomson's imagination, or the reports of concerts at which Mr. Thomson hears not what happens in Toscanini's performances but what should happen to fit the pat schematizations.

But not all readers have good ears and strong minds; and there are occasions when these are not enough. For example, Mr. Thomson makes the statement that the Boston Symphony, Philadelphia, and New York Philharmonic orchestras

are as different from one another as the cities that created them and forged them slowly into the image of each city's intellectual ideals. Conductors have been had in to aid this formation, and a few of these have left traces of their own taste on that of the cities they have worked for. But chiefly their function has been to care for a precious musical organism . . . and to allow it to mature according to its own nature and . . . its community's particular temperament. . . . [Of] Boston, the intellectually elegant and urbane, [the orchestra] makes thin sounds, like the Paris orchestras, thin and utterly precise, like golden wire and bright enamel. Nothing ever happens that isn't clear. . . . So perfectly turned out is any of its executions that, whether becoming to the work or not, it has a way of separating itself from it. It neither conceals the work nor presents it; it walks down the street beside it, rather very much as a piece of consummate dressmaking will sometimes do with the lady who thinks she is wearing it . . .

To cope with and evaluate this statement, a reader would have had to hear the completely different sounds, styles, and characters of the 1917 Boston Symphony conducted by Muck, the post-1920 Boston Symphony created and conducted by Monteux, the post-1924 Boston Symphony re-created and conducted by Koussevitzky, or the New York Philharmonic conducted by Toscanini and the same orchestra the next week under another conductor; he would have had to understand from all this a great deal about the functioning and relations of orchestras and conductors; he would, then, have had to know that the 1917 orchestra of Boston did not make thin sounds like golden wire, and that the sounds it did make were dictated by the temperament not of Boston but of Karl Muck. And a reader would need such experience and understanding, in addition to good ears and mind, in the other instances where the general cultural and social background to which Mr. Thomson relates the musical phenomenon under discussion is a magician's hat into which he can put fact and perception, and out of which he then can pull the oddly, amusingly fantastic products of a mind at play that are suitable for tossing about in cocktail-hour chit-chat, or the serious conclusions—in the articles about the New York Philharmonic a couple of years ago, for example—that have no more relation to realities.

Into a discussion of things of this world as they exist and happen Mr. Thomson disconcertingly introduces, as though they were equally real, things from some private world as he would like them to exist and happen. Thus, he writes hard-headedly that the Metropolitan management is paralyzed by its fear of its intellectual inferiors instead of being animated by a fear of its intellectual betters; that the opera house is acoustically poor and inefficient and expensive to operate; but that first-class opera has been given there and can be given there again. But then he adds that first-class opera will be demanded by the nation-wide radio public after the war—this radio public demanding the first-rate being one that exists only in the Thomson world, in which there are American composers ready for a New York Philharmonic five-year plan to build an American repertory for an American audience, and other things of the sort. The mixture of real and unreal is disconcerting; but the worse trouble is that it often takes an experienced reader to be disconcerted.

B. H. HAGGIN

# Letters to the Editors

## Why Is It?

*Dear Sirs:* You will be interested in a speech by Dr. Francis E. McMahon delivered on Saturday evening, December 11, 1943, before the Calvert Club, a Catholic organization composed of students of the University of Chicago, to which he was appointed after his ouster from Notre Dame. As closely as I remember them, his words were as follows: "... Why is it that so many of our great Catholic thinkers have been so wrong about so many things so much of the time [Franco, Russia, etc.], whereas periodicals like *The Nation* and the *New Republic*, which by no stretch of the imagination may be called in viewpoint Catholic, have been so consistently right in calling the shots? Because our thinkers, given to dealing cleverly and logically in easy generalities like 'Love good and shun evil,' have not developed the knack of evaluating the concrete situation for what it implies here and now the way these periodicals have. It is not enough to state an ideal belief or general truth. The test is in the concrete situation. How will you behave there? How must you evaluate it now? *The Nation* and *New Republic* do these things remarkably well. We don't—and err to the great harm of our nation and church."

CORPORAL

Somewhere in Pennsylvania, January 3

## Hague and Longo

*Dear Sirs:* Mr. Coleman's splendid article on John Longo and Frank Hague was an indictment of power politics and "party loyalty" not soon to be forgotten. As long as such a situation exists in this country we are in no position to teach democracy to those unfortunate countries which do not know its "blessings."

I deeply regret that the number of persons who read this article will run only into the thousands instead of the millions. The American mind may be politically sluggish; however, it is a situation like this that can rouse the public out of its lethargy long enough to demand punishment of all such *Gauleiters*.

I fail to see how Franklin Roosevelt—party affiliations notwithstanding—can sit idly by and look above and beyond Hague's dictatorship. When I was

in school I was duly impressed by our Bill of Rights. Does it still exist? Apparently not. The President should, if necessary, call into use federal troops and investigators to wipe out Hagueism and all its manifestations. If the government would prepare the case, even Hague's own judges could do nothing but junk the machine.

HERBERT TURMAN

Los Angeles, Cal., January 16

## Locations Given

*Dear Sirs:* In his review of my book "Georges Seurat" (*The Nation*, December 25) Clement Greenberg observes that "as a matter of editing, the locations of the works reproduced should have been given." May I say that, as a matter of reviewing, Mr. Greenberg should have studied my book more carefully; he would have found in the List of Illustrations (pp. XI-XVI) not only the locations of the works reproduced, but also their size and medium.

JOHN REWALD

New York, December 27

Guilty.—C. G.

## One of the Unrecognized

*Dear Sirs:* As just an unknown one among the "unrecognized allies" I wish to thank you for the publication of Kurt Grossman's article in your issue of December 11.

I am only one among many who have felt deeply hurt ever since Pearl Harbor. We were eager to serve this country in one way or another, and, with the exception of our boys, who are subject to the draft, we were excluded from all activities connected with the war effort.

More recently some fields have been opened even to us, but I for one have lost most of my enthusiasm. Not that I am not doing anything at all: besides buying bonds regularly I have donated one gallon of blood, and I continue to donate regularly. But I am still classified as an enemy of this country, though I left Germany because the Nazis were my enemies and I was theirs.

In this connection I would like to answer an argument which is frequently raised by Americans to whom we pre-

sent our plight. "But look how the Germans are treating the Americans!" they tell us. I would like to say to that, that the Nazis make very good use of any American whom they find sympathetic to their cause. Fortunately, there are not many of the caliber of Bob Best, but the Nazis are treating them as valuable friends. I am sure that many among us could render services just as valuable to the government of this country if only we were allowed to do so.

In closing I would like to call attention to the fact that even parents whose sons have given their lives do not lose their enemy-alien status.

ALIEN OF ENEMY NATIONALITY

Allston, Mass., January 5

## In Defense of Manualists

*Dear Sirs:* I yield to no one in my admiration for Mr. Kronenberger's reviews. I still feel that the job he did some years ago on Woolcott's fatuous "Reader" is the most deservedly devastating review I have ever read.

But he was too hard upon the academic handbook writers in the first paragraph of his otherwise excellent review of "The Reader Over Your Shoulder" in *The Nation* of December 11. Not all of them are such pedants as he insists they are; in fact, some of them are broad-minded and even charming. The perhaps unintentional effect of his review is certainly to place even the worst professional writers of handbooks of composition head and shoulders above such helter-skelter amateurs as Graves and Hodge.

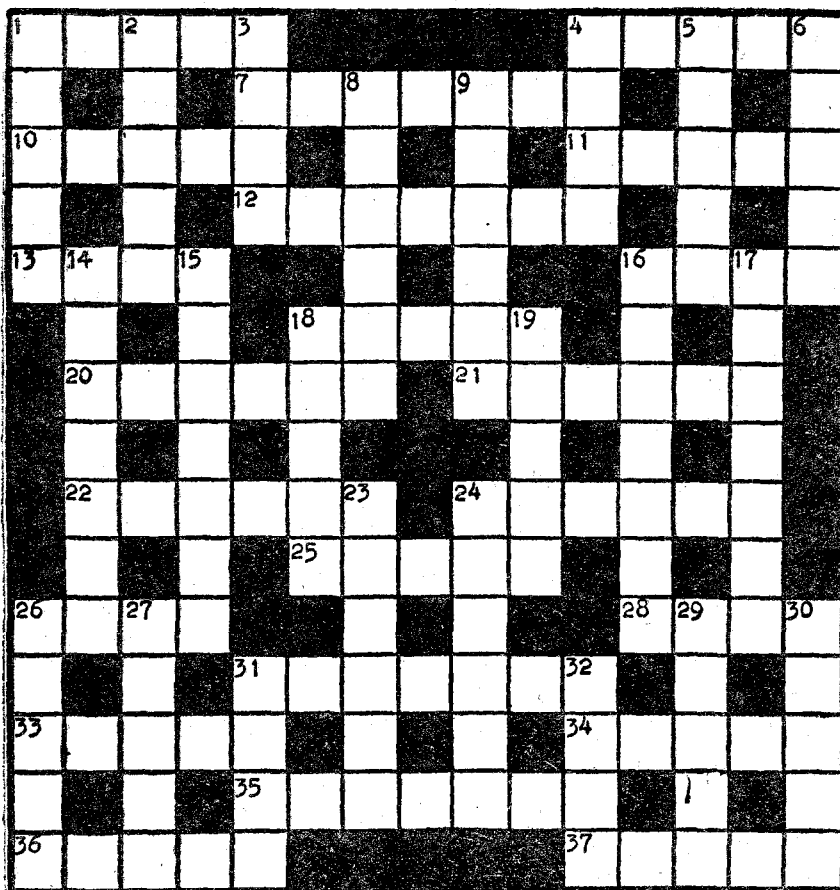
I have room for only one exception to his stern generalization. Foerster and Steadman, in their "Writing and Thinking," list "enthuse" as a colloquialism, or informal English. On page 333 they record the colloquial use of "kind, sort" as plurals. Nowhere do they, or any of their colleagues, stamp colloquial English as bad English. Neither of these competent writers would, I am sure, welcome "motivate" any more willingly than does Mr. Kronenberger. Nor would they confuse "affable" with "friendly." Of course, Mr. Kronenberger has particular culprits in mind, no doubt; but he should choose more convincing examples of pedantry and cease to beat all manualists with the same stick.

L. R. LIND

Lawrence, Kan., January 1

# Cross-Word Puzzle No. 48

By JACK BARRETT



## ACROSS

- 1 There may be one or two "gees" in this vehicle
- 4 Good at golf—bad at sea
- 7 Its meaning is hard to understand
- 10 "Golden lads and - - - - all must, As chimney-sweepers come to dust" (Cymbeline)
- 11 That clinches it
- 12 "A brief summary of the news," perhaps
- 13 Source of a certain kind of beer
- 16 Four letters of introduction
- 18 A double sheet, but not for a bed
- 20 People here? No, a stone
- 21 You may get blamed for this
- 22 Steeled
- 24 In the circumstances you can scarcely overlook this
- 25 Held by the merry
- 26 You don't consult an oculist if it is constantly before your eyes
- 28 A situation for builders
- 31 Tenacious hangers-on
- 33 Tomorrow it will be yesterday
- 34 Common sense
- 35 Tea tile (anag.)
- 36 This vision may be armed
- 37 Excuses that just fail to satisfy
- 6 Like every coin in your pocket
- 8 A suit presser
- 9 The perfect island state of Sir Thomas More's political satire
- 14 The oilman's a Turkish subject, it appears
- 15 A Chinese puzzle
- 16 Weighty gifts
- 17 A peculiar start to a scrap
- 18 Must consist of at least four men for keeping accounts
- 19 Moist (anag.)
- 23 Face about Sergeant-Major!
- 24 Choose or choice—with or without the first letter
- 26 Not doomed but made much of
- 27 American author-statesman in residence
- 29 A publication to come out
- 30 These jugs don't sound like mine
- 31 It kept the hound of old in check
- 32 Requires one or two to make a dance

## DOWN

- 1 A case of risking the stake for one's convictions
- 2 Dress on nothing! A screen star shows you how
- 3 Follow this guide when in doubt
- 4 Here is what you want
- 5 He may lose his heart, but if he loses his head it will be all over

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 47

ACROSS:— 1 MILLENNIUM; 6 BARN; 10 CACKLES; 11 CHATEAU; 12 INKSTONE; 13 OVATE; 15 YIELD; 17 IN DIALECT; 19 TOLERANCE; 21 ACORN; 23 ROCKS; 24 BASSINET; 27 OARLOCK; 28 NET SALE; 29 SLOE; 30 CROSSWORDS.

DOWN:— 1 MACE; 2 LICENSE; 3 EBLIS; 4 NESTORIAN; 5 UNCLE; 7 AVERAGE; 8 NAUSEATING; 9 PANORAMA; 14 MYSTERIOUS; 16 DERISION; 18 DRESSINGS; 20 LOCARNO; 22 OPEN AIR; 24 BAKER; 25 IN TOW; 26 NEWS.

## For the Record

Dear Sirs: Unreconstructed newspaper publishers no doubt will get their freedom-of-the-press wind up (and how it can howl!) over an item in *In the Wind* in *The Nation* of January 1 which implies that the Newspaper Guild, in retaliation for the dismissal of a "liberal columnist" by the Lynn (Massachusetts) *Telegram-News*, caused the firing of a purveyor of "anti-New Deal, anti-Semitic, anti-Russian propaganda" by refusing him Guild membership under a "closed-shop contract."

The facts, which too many publishers still do not choose to believe, are that under its constitution the Guild can bar no eligible persons from membership because of anything they may write for publication, no matter how offensive it may be to the Guild or to any of its members. Furthermore, the Lynn contract is a Guild shop contract, under which eligible employees of the paper must be Guild members, but which does not control the publisher's personnel employment policies.

Frederick W. Enwright, publisher of the Lynn *Telegram-News*, has himself testified to these facts. In a letter to George A. Harris, New England regional vice-president of the American Newspaper Guild, he said, *re* the piece in *In the Wind*: "These two individuals submitted features for our Sunday paper . . . [but] were not employees of this company, and their severance had absolutely nothing to do with the Guild or its contract with this management. I also wish to refute the statement in *The Nation* that the Guild contract is a 'closed-shop' contract and that the Guild 'had served notice on the publisher.' I know full well that I have the right to hire and fire under the contract, and the Guild shop is a modified form of the 'union shop.'"

WILBUR H. BALDINGER,

Editor, *Guild Reporter*

New York, January 7

## RECENTLY PUBLISHED

*Economics of Military Occupation: Selected Programs.* By Henry Simon Bloch and Bert F. Hoselitz. Foundation Press, Chicago. \$1.25.

*A Preface to Peace.* By Harold Callender. Knopf. \$3.

*The American House.* By Virginia Chase. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$2.75.

*China Handbook, 1937-1943: A Comprehensive Survey of Major Developments in China in Six Years of War.* Compiled by the Chinese Ministry of Information. Macmillan. \$5.